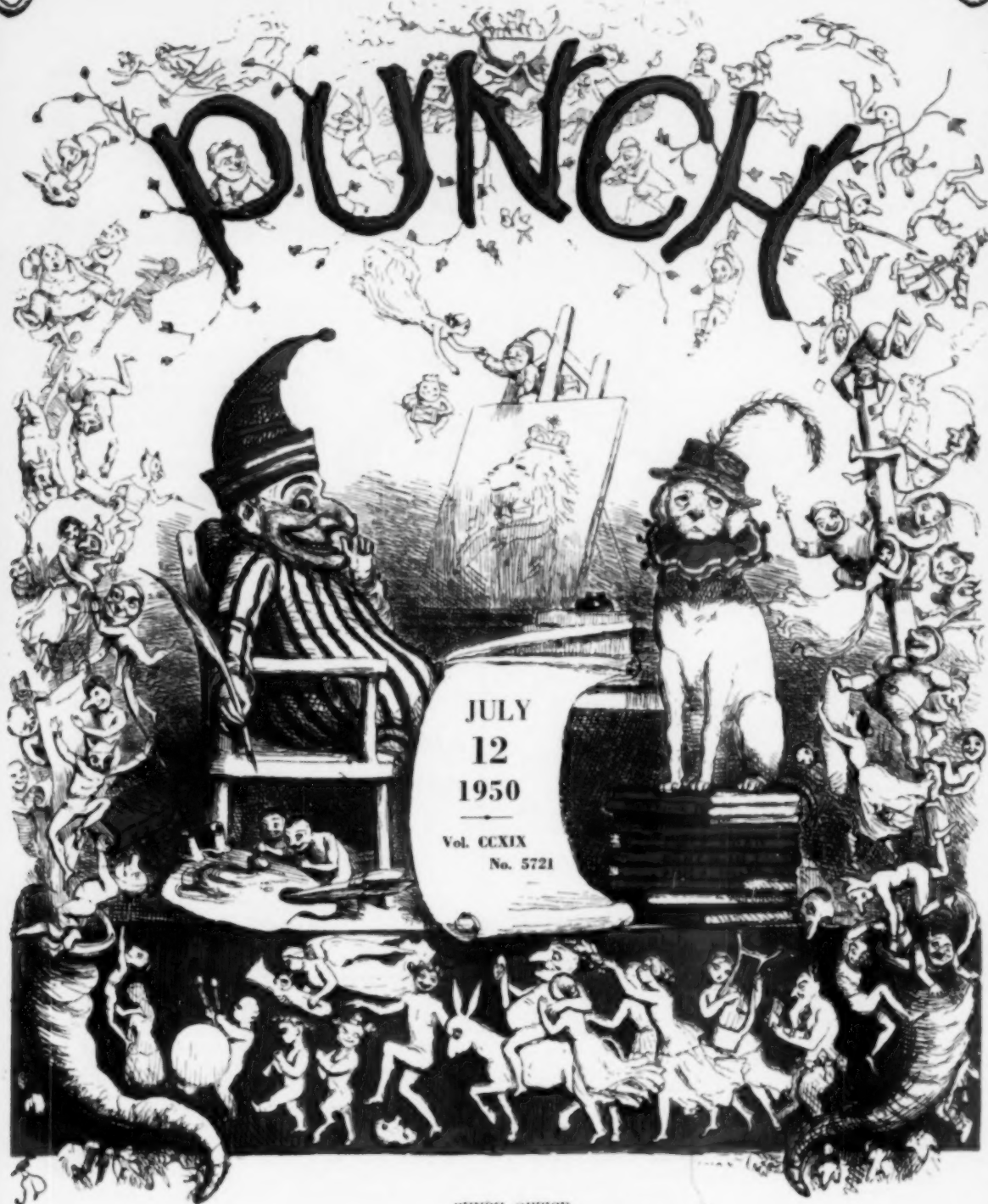


6<sup>p</sup>

PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY JULY 12 1950

6<sup>p</sup>

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"WE'LL GET OFF  
AT THE FOURTH  
FLOOR AND SEE  
OUR NEW  
ACCOUNTS DEPT.  
ALL THE  
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ARE STEEL BY

**Sankey-Sheldon**  
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... AND THEY'RE NOT  
*'Pricy'*

At one time Leylands had the reputation of being top price machines, but most operators agreed that with the quality that was built into them and the service behind them, they were the best value for money.

More than £2,000,000 worth of new plant and equipment has been installed in the Leyland factories since the war. With it, quality has, if anything, been improved and production increased by nearly 25%.

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The Forth Bridge, completed in 1890, has a total length with its approach spans of 8,296 feet. It was the first of the great bridges to be constructed on the cantilever principle.



The development of springs and presswork undertaken by Terry's over the last ninety-five years has often bridged the gap between the conception of a new idea in engineering practice and its fulfilment. Terry's research is busy today solving problems which have arisen through modern engineering progress.

From invention to production **TERRY'S**  
springs and presswork bridge the gap

HERBERT TERRY & SONS LIMITED, REDDITCH, ENGLAND

PT 16

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FIRST TIME!**



TED RAY, star of "Ray's A Laugh", is sure of a quick light with his Ronson. "Here's a beautiful flame that never keeps a man waiting — lights first time, every time," says Ted. "That's a clever girl!" Every Ronson has one-finger, one-motion safety action and is backed by the Ronson service. A joy to give and to get!

Every Ronson a Masterpiece  
of Craftsmanship

**RONSON**

WORLD'S  
GREATEST LIGHTER

Press, it's lit—  
Release, it's out!



Ronson, Standard Butler  
Price 38.6

AVOID IMITATIONS—LOOK FOR THE TRADE MARK **RONSON**



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When you meet an old friend and you're not quite certain what to do or where to go—invite him in for a White Horse Whisky. Hospitality can mean nothing better. Age and inspired blending have given White Horse rare qualities of excellence—fragrance, softness, a glorious afterglow. Scotland knows no greater whisky.



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## Scotch Whisky

MAXIMUM PRICES: — Bottles 33'4, 1-Bottles 17'5, 1-Bottles 9'1, Miniature Bottles 3'6 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association.



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and for FARMERS A  
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OF 40%\*

**MORRISON AUTOMATIC PUMPS LTD.**  
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Say "Have a CAPSTAN"—and see how popular you'll be. This really good cigarette, made from the finest leaf and blended to perfection, is just made to make friends.



Have a  
**CAPSTAN**

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

CC19EB

*Smoothly and silently spiriting away the miles...  
reacting, as if instinctively, to the lightest  
control, with irreproachable good manners...  
carrying its passengers over the highways  
of the world in spacious comfort...*

*It's undoubtedly a Daimler—*



DAIMLER 2 1/2-LITRE CONSORT

A re-styled, air-conditioned saloon on the famous 2 1/2-litre Daimler chassis. Other features that put the Consort at the top of its class, are the hypoid bevel rear axle, giving extra ground clearance, better performance; larger hydraulic brakes; rigid, exceptionally light body, and improved lines generally. May we send you a fully descriptive leaflet?




BY APPOINTMENT  
To Her Majesty the Queen  
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**T** Sleep in splendour . . .



The note of luxury has been sadly lacking in sleeping kit for some years now; so our Man's Shop takes some pride in restoring it with these pyjamas of spun silk. Tailored for real comfort in fresh-looking stripes. Sizes 3ft to 44. Price £6-18-9

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**T.H.W.**

(Tired House Wife) . . . . .  
used to show a growing nervous  
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complete exhaustion half-an-hour  
before the children's bedtime. Be-  
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FOR ALL THE DAY**

\*TRACE ELEMENTS. The essential minerals, necessary  
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FOR BED-SITTING ROOMS  
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A large selection of inexpensive furniture of  
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Full many a flower is  
born to blush unseen.

"Adds charm to your  
decorative schemes," "So  
natural for floral settings."  
"Charming in its simplic-  
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phrases that have become  
associated with the R.E.A.L.  
Plinth light.

The real beauty of your  
floral decorations can be  
enhanced by embracing  
them in the diffused lighting  
of a R.E.A.L. Plinth, the  
delicate lighting capturing  
the natural colour and  
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providing for them a setting  
of beauty and splendour.

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feet for furniture protection,  
equipped with heavy top  
glass, shock-proof porce-  
lain lamp-holder and three  
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From most good electrical  
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*The*  
**R.E.A.L.**

**30/-**  
TAX PAID

Send for Free coloured  
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ROWLANDS ELECTRICAL ACCESSORIES LTD REAL WORKS RHAM 18



# HOW TO GET LONGER CELLULOSE-LIFE WITH SIMONIZ

Only Simoniz can give your car a lasting shine and maximum protection from the weather. But it's not only bad weather that makes your car look dull. Everywhere, and at all times, the atmosphere contains certain corrosive chemicals. When mixed with rain or mist, these chemicals penetrate ordinary polish and attack the car's cellulose finish, leaving its surface rough and drab.

## WEATHERPROOF BEAUTY

If this chemical action is left unchecked, within a few years your car's good looks are permanently destroyed. Simoniz covers your car with a rich, lustrous film which prevents air- and rain-borne chemicals from attacking the cellulose and the colour.

## SIMONIZ SAVES THE BODY

A Simoniz-shine keeps its original gloss for months, after only one Simonizing. Even more important, Simonizing adds years of extra life to your car's cellulose finish. That is why it's always true — "Motorists Wise Simoniz!" Get the twin Simoniz Products — Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener — NOW.

# SIMONIZ AND SIMONIZ KLEENER ALSO SIMONIZ CHROME CLEANER

Write to Simoniz (England) Ltd. (Dept. K.4), 29 Dalling Road, London, W.6, for "For Every Body's Benefit," illustrated by David Langdon. It's free!

# Was it HIS fault?



He couldn't prevent "the other fellow" cutting across.

But... he'd have had less of a fright if his brakes had been better. A long time since he'd had them seen to.

Are your brakes good enough? It's easy to be wrong about them

—they wear down so gradually that you may not notice the loss of efficiency.

But your repairer can tell, in a few minutes. Ask him to test them, and adjust if necessary.

**PRACTICAL REMINDER.** Here's the best safety rule you can follow:

Test your brakes when you change your oil—every 2,000-3,000 miles

# FERODO Brake Linings

make motoring safe

THERE IS A FERODO BRAKE LINING SPECIALLY MANUFACTURED FOR YOUR MAKE OF CAR

Ferodo Ltd., Chapel-en-le-Frith

A Member of the Turner & Newall Organization



By Appointment Wine Merchants to His Majesty The King



FROM THE CELLARS OF HARVEY'S OF BRISTOL

# A sample case of SHERRIES for everyday use

Both the price and the scarcity of the famous "Bristol Cream" and "Bristol Milk" Sherries limit their use. We have, therefore, assembled a case of six of our more moderately priced Sherries, varying in style, but readily available, from which to make your

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THE CASE COMPLETE INCLUDING CARRIAGE

CONTAINS:

**110/-**

- 1 Bott. BROWN CAP, pale dry 17/6
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- 1 Bott. CLUB AMON-TILLADO, dry 18/6
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Included in this case is a free quarter-bottle sample of Harvey's "Hunting" Port to be enjoyed by yourself after Dinner. There is no Wine like Port to complete the evening meal.

JOHN HARVEY & SONS LTD. Founded 1796

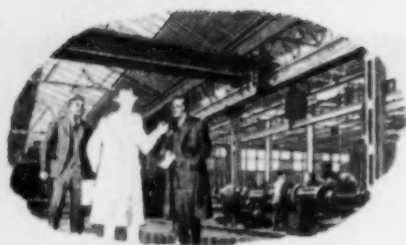
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*A good chap to have  
about the place...*

He is a familiar and reassuring figure about the works. You may see him drawing off samples of oil for testing in the Vacuum laboratories, or discussing one of the laboratory's reports. He may be checking maintenance records of the machinery, studying the lubrication layout of the plant—or, perhaps, making a complete plant lubrication survey. He represents the finest and most comprehensive lubrication service in the world—he is the Vacuum Service Engineer.

Vacuum's Gargoyle industrial oils and process products are helping to keep the wheels of industry turning smoothly in works all over the country. But Vacuum is far more than a supplier of top-class lubricants. It is a complete lubrication service, with skilled Vacuum lubrication specialists working in close and constant touch with plant operating staffs.

This is only one aspect of the Vacuum Lubrication Service. There is, for instance, a Vacuum specialist on marine lubrication at every major port in the world. On the farm, tractors and all kinds of farm machinery respond the better for Vacuum care and supervision. This same Vacuum Service helps to keep fleets of lorries and buses on the move, coaxes peak performance from monster railway engines, and ensures that your car or motor cycle is never far from supplies of Mobiloil and the other Vacuum lubricants it needs.

**A complete lubrication service for everything mechanical—**

**THAT'S THE  
VACUUM WAY**



VACUUM OIL COMPANY LIMITED, LONDON, S.W.1



## No need to be shy about it

Nor is this little cell. Foundation of a system complex and intricate, minutely graduated from infinitesimal to relatively gargantuan, closely integrated and harmonized, it has as much cause to be gratified as *Standard*, leading contributor to the world telecommunication achievement.

*Standard's* creations are not lightly wrought. Only steadfast application of brain and hand contrives that the smallest *Standard* component may be likened to the exquisite nerve cell in precision of construction and accuracy of function.

The twentieth century without telecommunication is as inconceivable as telecommunication without *Standard*. All three grow and work in harmony, like cell, nervous system, and Man.

### *Standard Telephones and Cables Limited*

TELECOMMUNICATION ENGINEERS

Connaught House, Aldwych, London, WC2



The illustration shows a cell from the system of nerves controlling automatic functions (e.g. heart, lung, intestinal action). The actual cell is 1:3500 of the size shown in the larger illustration.

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EASY TO LAY... RESISTANT TO WEAR

May we remind you that the COLAS Service Organisation is able to contract for the construction, maintenance and repair of footpaths, carriageways, drives, etc.  
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Power-packed, economical O.H.V. engines have put Austin first on all counts. First to capture 63 stock car records at Indianapolis U.S.A. — with the A90 Convertible. First to travel from Britain to the Cape in 24 days — in the A70 Saloon. First to gain 36 stock car records at Long Island, New York — with the A40 Saloon.

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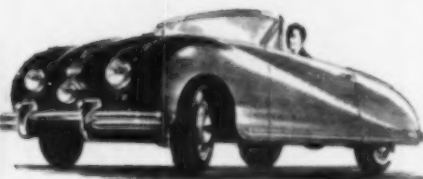
**A40  
LONG ISLAND**  
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car records)



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BRITAIN TO  
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(In 24 days, 2 hours —  
fastest time ever)



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car records)



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TUBULAR STEEL  
NESTING CHAIRS  
FOR PERFECT

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*Make friends  
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*Cognac*

IN ALL CONVENIENT SIZES  
THREE STAR CORDON ROUGE





**If** you indulge in ether exploration . . .



**If** you would listen in to distant places . . .



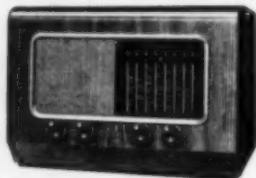
**If** this enjoyment's marred by off stage noises

**If** your reception causes consternation



*Clearly you need to make amend this handsread 19D, my friend.*

*The 19D is a 5-valve, 8-wave, fully handsread superb for A.C. mains.*  
Price £26 - 15 - 4 Tax paid



Made in Cambridge  
the Centre of Scientific Research.



P Y E L I M I T E D · R A D I O W O R K S · C A M B R I D G E N P 35

A.A.A. CHAMPIONSHIP



## What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the pole-vaulting, they're discussing Burrough's Gin. People who know just how good really good gin is, always try for Burrough's because it is *triple distilled*. It is this extra refinement that makes Burrough's Gin soft, smooth and clean to the palate.

Delicious taken plain, Burrough's Gin always "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Prices: 32/4 per bottle; 16/11 per half-bottle.

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**BURROUGH'S**  
REEPATER

*Gin*

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!



James Burrough Ltd., 75 Gile Distillery, Hutton Road, S.E.11



Service Works: Lombard Road, Morden Road, Merton, S.W.19. L1Berty 7222



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H.M.  
King George VI



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to H.M.  
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King Gustaf V



By Appointment  
Purveyor of Cherry Heering  
to H.M.  
The Queen of the Netherlands

## Precious moments...

Through four generations  
CHERRY HEERING has witnessed as  
well as created many precious moments.  
To-day, supplies are still not unlimited,  
but this old Danish delight will grace  
your day whenever and  
wherever you meet with it.



# CHERRY HEERING

World famous liqueur since 1818

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We desire to purchase  
**JEWELLERY  
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*"Ball of the East"*

Trial box of 25

36/6

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Imported  
direct from  
the native makers.

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anywhere  
in the world



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Skipper Joe Brownfield



Weighing the Pilchard catch

## Pilchards from Newlyn for Shippam's fine paste

Skipper Joe Brownfield of Newlyn will tell you that pilchards are fine fish—that's why Shippam's buy the best part of the catch from the Newlyn Pilchard Fleet. Shippam's want only the finest—the finest pilchards and tomatoes to blend together into Shippam's Pilchard and Tomato Paste. It's the choice of millions of housewives, for themselves and their families. It's a must for the larder—a treat for everyone.



Get some today—  
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#### PILCHARD & TOMATO PASTE



SHIPPAM'S have been pleasing the public with fine foods for 200 years. We are proud of this tradition and proud, too, that the public still hold our products in such high esteem.

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By Appointment  
To Her Majesty the Queen



SEE HOW  
IT RUNS!

# Cerebos

## SALT

CEREBOS IODISED SALT—ALSO AVAILABLE

## Perfection

We believe that the Belling Streamline Electric Cooker is the finest in the world. Beautiful in appearance and perfect in performance it is in a class by itself.

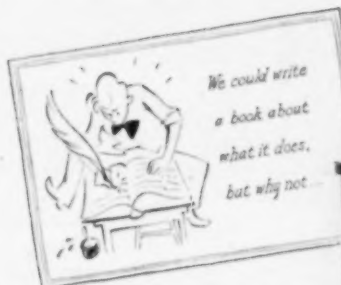
In operation it is almost completely automatic; the extra large oven and all boiling plates maintaining any desired heat. The oven is illuminated when the door is open, and cooking can be watched through the inner glass door without any fear of being spoilt. Your usual electrical shop or showroom will gladly give you details.



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Manufacturers of Electrical Appliances of Distinction since 1912  
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We could write  
a book about  
what it does,  
but why not...

### ... SEE THE MAGIMIX FOR YOURSELF!

Mixing, stirring, chopping, churning—the Magimix takes the work off your hands when preparing food or drinks. Swift, thorough, simple to operate and easy to clean, it is in a class of its own. See for yourself at the nearest store where this "genii" of the kitchen is being demonstrated—we will gladly give you the address, date and time.

PRICE £15.15.0 Tax paid



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Punch, July 12 1930



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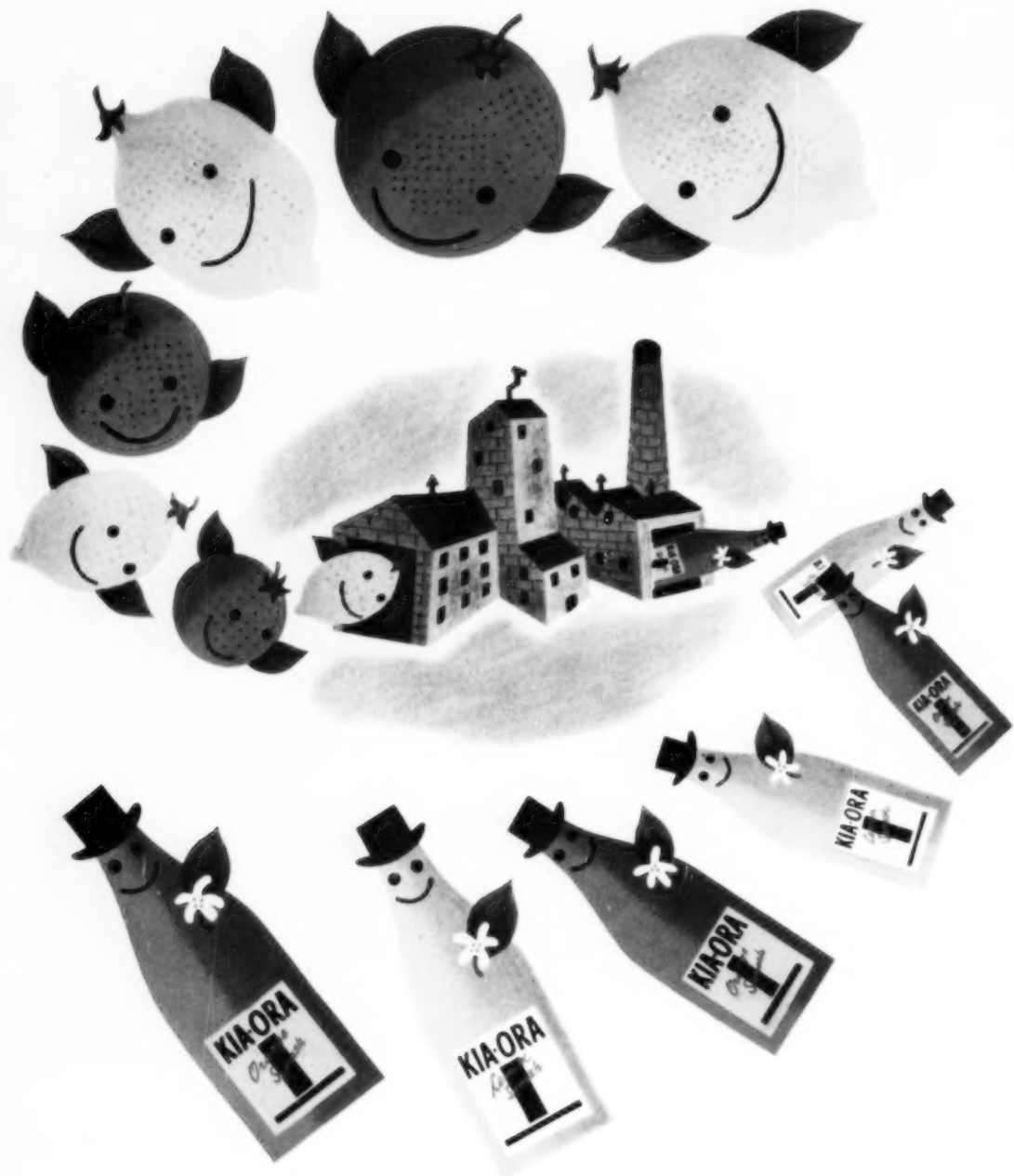
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a criterion in decoration for  
close on a hundred years

—ALSO SANDERSON PAINTS AND SANDERSON INDECOLOR FABRICS

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Fresh Fruit Season all the Year Round

ORANGE - LEMON - GRAPE FRUIT - LIME - LEMON BARLEY

**KIA-ORA**



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Miniature of the Windak Golf Blouse—

in fact just like Dad's and Mum's.

Zippered Front, elastic waist, made in Popuda which is rain repellent, windproof and washable.

Available in fourteen lovely colours

from all leading outfitters.



Priced at **37/6**

In case of difficulty please write for name of nearest stockist.

WINDAK LTD., WOODSIDE  
POYNTON — CHESHIRE

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Usually the most gifted children are the most sensitive. But there is one danger. Such children are generally highly-strung and tend to expend their energy too quickly, to burn themselves out like lamps with too bright a flame.

These children need extra care, not only during the day but also at bedtime. For it is at night, during sleep, that their precious stores of energy should be built up. That is where bedtime Horlicks is so valuable.

Horlicks meets the needs of these children in a very special way. It pours nourishment quickly into the child's bloodstream during sleep, feeding the tired body, soothing highly-strung nerves, helping to build up stamina and fresh reserves of nervous energy for the future.

**HORLICKS**

# Jacqmar

Fashion fabrics at their finest  
for cocktail  
and evening dresses

as modelled by Paris and London  
Haute Couture

at Jacqmar shops and stockists or direct from

# Jacqmar

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— jolly good show!

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How do you know?

An invisible expert told me so.

schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through



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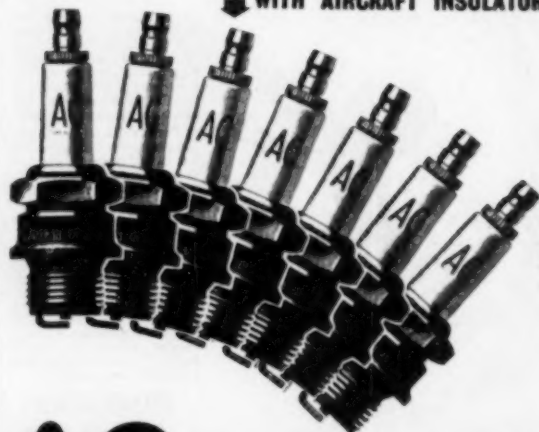
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## CHARIVARIA

THERE is one really hopeful aspect of the Korean war: so far, at any rate, Stalin has not stated that this is his last territorial claim in Asia.



"How it comes about," writes Mr. Ernest Newman in the *Sunday Times*, "that three really good singers can be so faulty both in tone quality and intonation as the Rhinemaidens generally are is something I have never been able to understand." If he had to write his weekly article while being swung about by a stagehand at the end of a long wire, he might get some idea.

"To avoid staining the hands when scraping carrots, first wash them and place in boiling water for five minutes. Then pour off the water and pour on cold, when the skins will easily slip off ready for the carrots to be completely cooked."—*Edinburgh paper*

Do you mind if we keep the stains?



People who settle in the Antipodes, we are told, are quickly absorbed into the national way of life. It is unlikely, however, that the M.C.C. bowlers in Australia next year will have to face any barracking from Mr. Harold Larwood.

### Blessed Plots

"When the 1952 Olympic Winter Games are held in Oslo, the Hotel Viking, the newest and biggest in the city, will be placed at the disposal of the hundreds of journalists who are expected to cover the event. The building has 12 stories and accommodates 500 guests."

"*World's Press News*"

The policy of jobs for everyone, an economist declares, can actually result in a slowing down of the wheels of industry. The many openings that now exist in the Strand lend support to this view.

### Prime and Punishment

"MEAT IN BEEF  
SAUSAGE  
PHRENTATYN BUTCHER  
FINED £5."

"*Liverpool Echo*"

A magistrate remarks that the flat-iron is no longer a popular domestic weapon. This is probably because its range is now limited to the length of its flex.



## A HOPE FOR ENGLAND

"The Yugoslavians ... protested against the height of the crossbar."—*News item*

OH now is the time for us Britons  
Who gave to the peoples our games  
And cast them like playthings to kittens  
And called them by wonderful names,  
Such as cricket and football and tennis,  
And framed their peculiar rules  
As the manner of far-seeing men is  
When dealing with fools—

Till the peoples accepted our offers  
Most humbly and reverently  
And became better hitters and golfers  
And hoofers of leather than we,  
And still became stronger and stronger  
Till never a garland of flowers  
Was set on our heads any longer  
For the sports that are ours—

To remember those Saxons and Normans  
Who fiddled with wood and with strings  
Not so much for the joy of performance  
As merely of making the things,

And laying their large heads together  
With love and with labour profound  
Used catgut and rubber and leather  
And marked out the ground.

Was it Drake now or was it some other  
Of starry and venturesome souls  
Was the father and founder and mother  
Of putting the bias in bowls?  
And no less a hero and mystic he  
(High shall his photograph hang),  
Who invented the game of Sphairistike  
Whence Wimbledon sprang.

Shall there not be found new variations  
By dint of our strength and our wit  
To impose on the various nations  
And baffle their heads for a bit?  
Let us solace the hours of our sorrow  
By forging as soon as we may  
Fresh codes and new pastimes to-morrow  
That no one can play. EVOE

## BEETLE BATTLE

WHATEVER doubts there may be in the mind of the public over the validity of the Russian complaints about American aircraft dropping Colorado beetles on the East German potato crop, the document reproduced below must certainly be taken into account before any final conclusion is reached. The document is alleged to have been found in a British staff-car by a Russian intelligence officer, who left it in his own staff-car a little later while being bought a drink at the Blauweiss Club in Berlin by a British intelligence officer.

The document has the appearance of an operation order. It is duplicated on paper bearing the watermark "BRITISH GENERAL STAFF," and headed TOP SECRET. It runs as follows:

707/10/G  
5 Jun 50

## OPERATION ORDER No. 4

## INFORMATION

1. *Topography.* There are known to be a lot of potatoes in the Eastern Zone of Germany. The principal potato area lies in the belt K5407—K9104.

2. *Enemy Forces.*

(a) The potato-belt area K5407—K9104 is occupied by I/167 and III/404 Russian inf bns and elements of German Security Police.

(b) Hygiene sections are stationed at BAD WURST (K547961) and BITTENICHT-STOEREN (L096223).

(c) Enemy supplies of insecticide are known to be low. They can only be replenished from LEVERKUSEN, in the British Zone.

3. *Own Troops.*

(a) 103 Fd Beetle Coy RAVC is placed under comd 75 Airborne Bde forthwith for all purposes.

(b) The following will be in support of 75 Airborne Bde for the purposes of this operation:

- (i) 4 Fd Disinfestation Unit RAMC
- (ii) 797 (Transport) Sqn RAF.

## INTENTION

4. 103 Fd Beetle Coy will attack and destroy potato allotments on the line K598104—K617232—K661097.

## METHOD

5. (a) Phase I. 103 Fd Beetle Coy will embark in aircraft of 797 Sqn as follows:

- (i) First wave: one sec 103 Fd Beetle Coy  
one aircraft 797 Sqn.
- (ii) Second wave: one sec 103 Fd Beetle Coy  
HQ 103 Fd Beetle Coy  
one aircraft 797 Sqn.

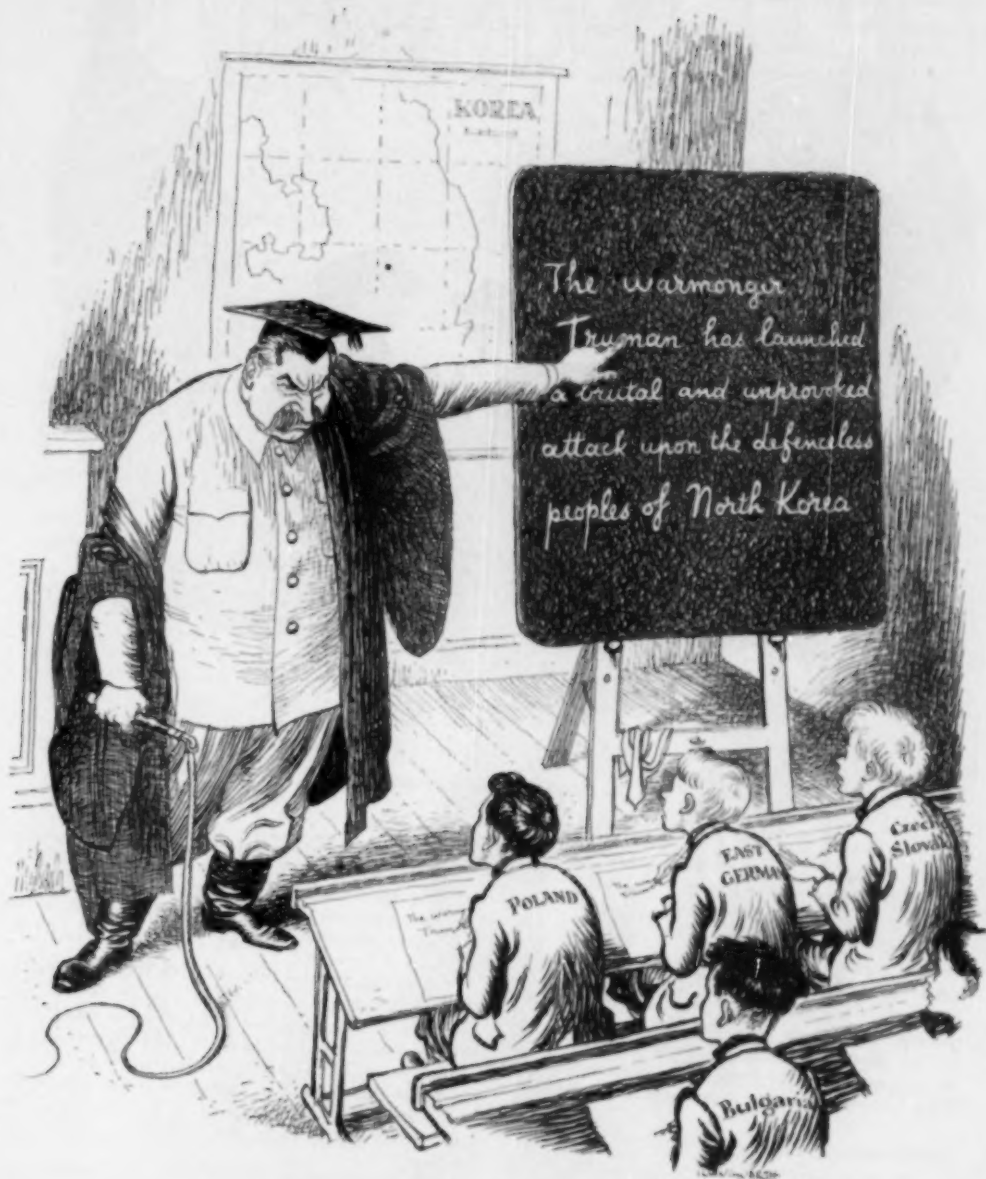
(iii) In reserve: one sec 103 Fd Beetle Coy.  
Embarkation to be complete by 070030Z hrs.

(b) Phase II. First wave to drop 070145Z hrs.  
Second wave to drop 070200Z hrs.

Both forces to attack immediately on landing.

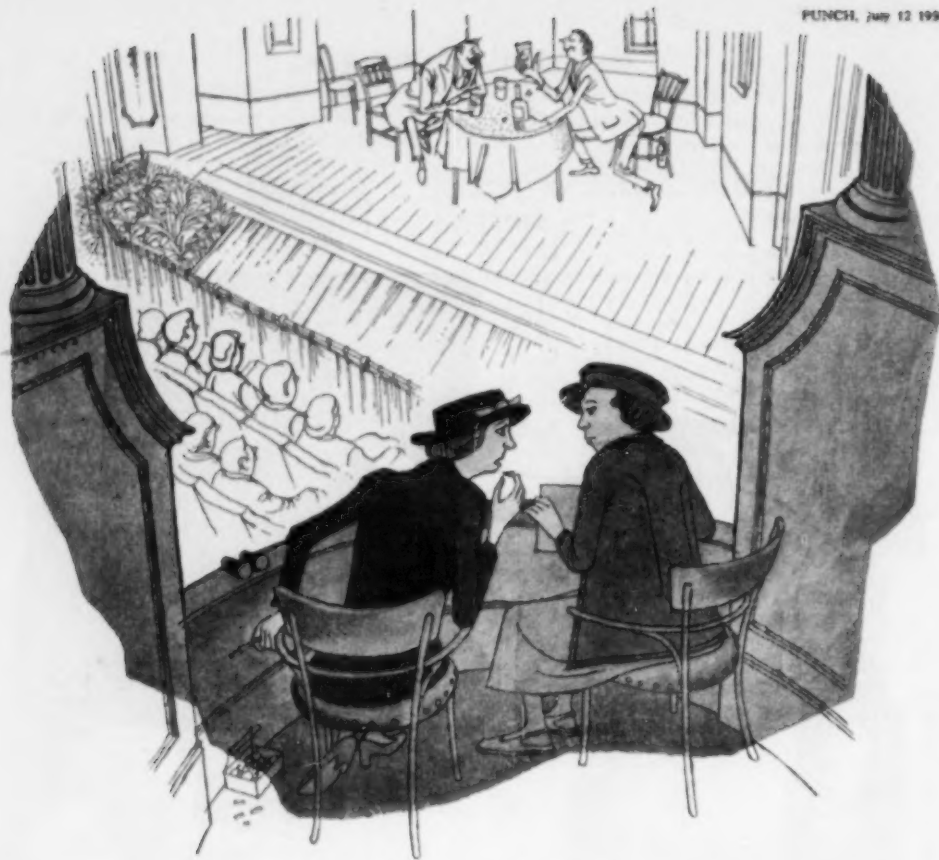
(c) No supporting troops will accompany beetles beyond commencement of Phase II.

6. 4 Fd Disinfestation Unit will occupy posns as



BELIEVE IT OR KNOT





*"In the book it was real whisky."*

shown in Appx "A" to deal with any attempted counter-attack by enemy beetles.

#### ADMINISTRATIVE

7. *Rations.* 103 Fd Beetle Coy will NOT rpt NOT draw beetle rations for period incl 5-7 Jun, in order that maximum damage may be inflicted on enemy potatoes as soon as possible.

8. *Medical.* Beetle casualties will NOT rpt NOT be salvaged. Beetles too severely wounded to rejoin their unit should lay as many eggs as possible.

#### INTERCOMMUNICATION

9. See Appx "B."

10. Ack.

The signature is virtually illegible, but may possibly read "Winston S. Churchill." The appendices are missing.

An American military spokesman in Frankfurt has

pointed out that, whereas the original accusations were made against the U.S., the document is in the form used by the British forces. Additional weight is given to this argument by the signature, although it has also been suggested that this could be held to read "Harry S. Truman."

A British military spokesman in Bonn has pointed out that, although the document appears at first sight to be a British operation order, the low standard of "staff duties," the sparing use of abbreviations, and the employment of the word "commence," together with the fact that there is no paragraph in the administrative section about hot meals, make it unlikely that the order was actually the work of a British staff officer.

A Russian military spokesman in Potsdam said firmly "*Nicheso*" but declined to commit himself further without reference to the Kremlin.

There this extremely delicate matter rests at present.

B. A. YOUNG

## INFLUENCE OF THE CINEMA

THE woman welcomed the man home. "What's it been like in London?" she inquired.

He told her "Oh, awful. Raining all day. So far as I've seen it," he added judiciously, careful not to convey the impression that he had time to spare to go out studying the weather. "All right down here?"

"I don't really know," the woman admitted. "I went to the pictures this afternoon."

The man recognized the way of escape from all difficulties. "What did you see?" he asked her.

The woman looked puzzled. "Well I went to see John Garton," she explained. "But it turned out to be a war picture, and when I got there he happened to have been posted missing. So he wasn't in the picture," she concluded, disappointed.

"They found him later all right, though, didn't they?" the man asked.

"Well, yes, they did," the woman agreed. "But with nobody worth looking at in the picture for the first half hour, I'm afraid I dropped off to sleep and lost the thread of it. If they tell you you're going to see John Garton," she complained, "why must they go and put him in a picture where for practically half the time he's missing?"

"You should have asked for your money back," the man sympathized with her. He invited her to count her blessings. "But there was another picture on with it, I suppose."

"Oh yes," the woman confirmed. "It was a silly thing, though. I found I kept on dozing off. Couldn't understand what it was about. There was quite a good little 'interest' picture, though, about Australia," she disclosed. "Do you know," she asked him, brightening at the recollection, "there are less people in the whole of Australia than there are in Greater London?"

"There are?" the man asked, startled.

"Yes. And yet they show you a map of Australia with the whole of England and Wales tucked away in

one corner of it. Ridiculous it looks," she explained.

"They seem to have been at some pains," the man reflected, helping himself to a cigarette and preparing to go away, "to get those two basic facts across, anyway."

The woman regarded him suspiciously. "What?" she asked.

"That Australia is bigger than this country, yet has less people."

"Yes. So you see," the woman concluded, "it was rather a wasted afternoon."

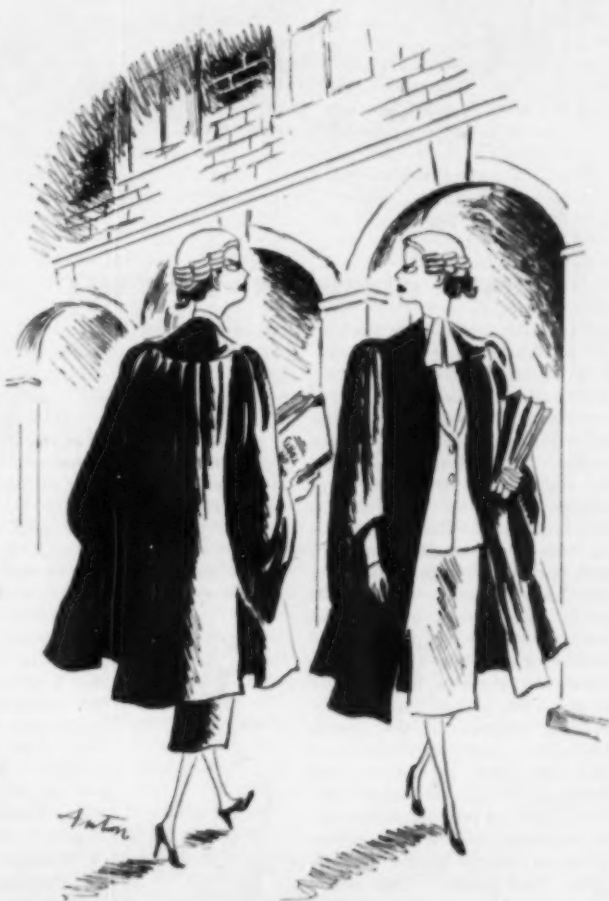
"Oh, I don't know," the man reminded her. "There were a couple of things you learned about Australia."

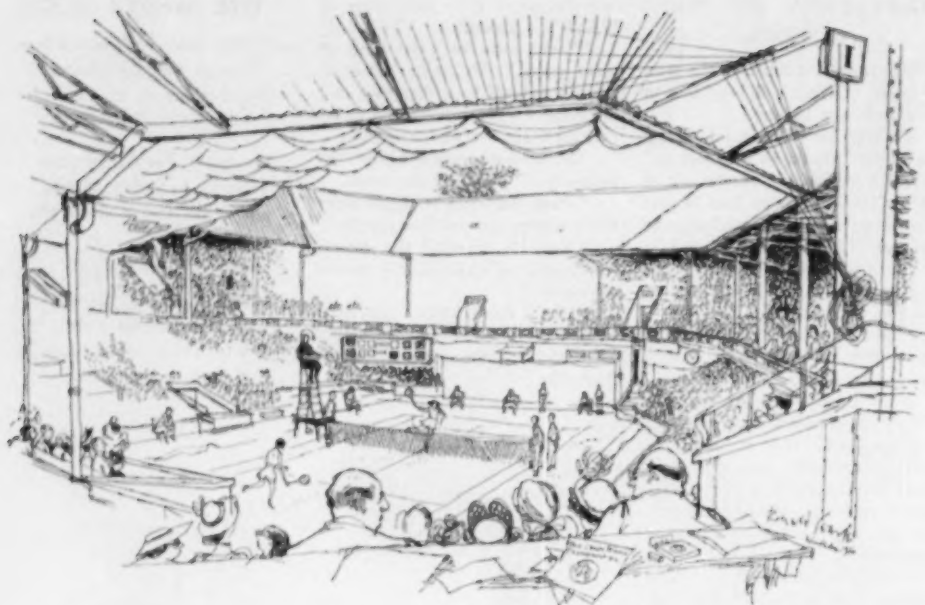
## THE WHITE COCK

THE white cock in the lane  
Shone like mistletoe,  
The feathers on his neck  
Curled like a silver mane.

His comb was redder than  
A poppy in yellow wheat,  
His beak was a flake of  
bronze,  
Of gold his feet.

When, suddenly, his cry  
Over the sunlight reeled,  
The air for a moment seemed  
Gay as a harvest field.





## THAT'S WIMBLEDON—THAT WAS

AS yet again I cleave my way into Wimbledon, umbrella sharply at the trail, I experience, not for the first time, the rather childish feeling that half of me is at the Zoo while the other half is going to a play. The multitude milling in the alleys seems to be searching anxiously for the animals, and round the players' entrance row upon row of autograph fanatics flash their fountain-pens in frenzy and listen hungrily to the bells giving curtain cues to men and women shakily lacing plimsolls and wondering if it was worth coming across the world to feel so sadly in the solar plexus. Not entirely childish, perhaps; if the crowds seeking the Mappin Terraces do so with less tense expressions than those queuing for the Centre Court, there is, at any rate, about Wimbledon a deep and realstreak of theatre. It has all gone far beyond the little game called tennis. These courts are not for pleasure, they are grim

arenas where the fight is fought to the last ounce, reputations are humbled, heads fall. I suppose the mildest of us must be a Roman emperor at heart . . .

The Weeds Committee, someone in the Press Box tells us, has already been over the Centre Court on hands and knees, quizzing every blade through pocket magnifiers before officially declaring the surface free from Viper's Bugloss, Yorkshire Fog and Ox-eye Daisy. And now the

umpire climbs up into what appears at first sight an isolated portion of the Palace Pier. He would look less lonely, one feels, with a fishing-rod. The linesmen, who have the

firm, unobtrusive mien of solid, reliable churchwardens, get on their marks, and the ball-boys frisk into the deep field. The opening bout to-day is between Miss Baseline, all the way from the States to propel a lump of rubber across a string, and our own Mrs. Neteord. And here they are. As they walk on to the court the scoreboard takes life with their names, the blanks that in an hour's time will tell a whole potted drama in numbers still standing ominously empty. The board reminds me of the one usually found in the hall of a block of flats, so that I am surprised not to see:

"Miss Baseline

—AT HOME

Mrs. Neteord."

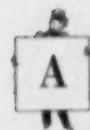
Not to me, I'm afraid, must you look for a critical dissertation on the nimble actions of these ladies, partly because every movement at Wimbledon, down to the last final convulsion, will have been scientifically shredded by the professors before this comes out, and partly because—

"It looks like a piece of faded Regency wall-paper," says





## AT THE PICTURES

*Sands of Iwo Jima—Tony Draws a Horse*

MAN wrote to me the other day (we are creeping up on the subject) to complain that I was too kind, that I always seemed to be able to find a good word for the films I wrote about. Leaving aside the fact that he probably has a temperamental relish for invective, and the fact that invective is much easier to write than praise, and the fact that it's worth while (and very hard work) trying not to be unfair, I explained to him in reply that I had room to write about only two pictures a week and tended, not unreasonably, to choose those in which I could find something worth seeing, ignoring the others; this page is for filmgoers, not merely for readers. If you want a derisive list of stinkers you aren't a filmgoer, you're a theatre-lover, like Mr. St. John Ervine. But it happens that this week the two new ones (apart from *Annie Get Your Gun*, which I have seen, but too late for the artist) aren't up to much. The better of the two is *Sands of Iwo Jima* (Director: ALLAN DWAN), a Pacific-war piece sometimes very good in detail but spongy with behind-the-lines emotionalism. The emphasis of the title is in the wrong place; the film does deal with the taking of the island of Iwo Jima, but only as a climax after its main theme, which is the relations between the men and the much-hated sergeant of one squad of the U.S. Marines who did it. The hate-worthy character is *Sergeant Stryker* (JOHN WAYNE), whom according to the publicity "women will love"—the assumption being that they can't resist an embittered man so long as he makes it clear that it was a woman that embittered him. The scenes in which this is made clear, the "psychological" situation with

the colonel's son who didn't want to be a soldier, and similar emotional moments, are no satisfaction to most of us; but much of the battle stuff is fine, and convincingly interwoven with shots of the real thing. Say what you like about the

*[Sands of Iwo Jima]*

## Laying Them Out

*Sergeant Stryker—JOHN WAYNE*

sentimental flavour of such pictures as this, there's no denying that they keep you in your seat.

The temptation to be rude about *Tony Draws a Horse* (Director: JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS) is inescapable,

but at least I can reflect that whatever I say won't do any harm—or, I must regretfully add, any good. Critics are rude about this sort of film whenever one turns up, and always have been; but when such things do turn up they make more money than the good ones. With *Tony Draws a Horse* we are almost back to the 1935 manner of British films, which the customers apparently like so much. The milieu is one in which they feel at home, at ease, comforted, a stage country house in the sunlit never-never land of a Wodehouse novel; the characters are all terribly nice and dripping with badinage, and the only hint of an acid flavour comes from the one usually pigeon-holed as Lovable Old Reprobate—played in this instance (as so often before) by EDWARD RIGBY. The piece was a play by LESLEY STORM, and nobody seems to have made it into anything else. A note of unusual subtlety is struck in that the man who loses his trousers does so "off"; however, fearful of being called high-brow, they later show you the man with a rug round his legs, so that the squealers in the audience shall have something to squeal at. Mr. RIGBY is not the only good player wasted in this one: CECIL PARKER, MERVYN JOHNS, ANNE CRAWFORD . . . but no, they can't save it.

## Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

London readers may find more enjoyment in *Annie Get Your Gun*; and the excellent wedding comedy *Father of the Bride* is still about. *Bicycle Thieves* (11/1/50) seems to be on the point of departure.

Releases include *Black Hand* (7/6/50) and *No Sad Songs for Me* (28/6/50); neither quite satisfactory, but both full of interest and skill.

RICHARD MALLETT

*[Tony Draws a Horse]*

## Laying Them In

*Alfred Parsons—MERVYN JOHNS; Mrs. Parsons—BARBARA EVERETT; Grandpa—EDWARD RIGBY*



## COMRADES IN CRIME

"EH, mon capitaine," called out Restitude, giving me, as usual, a rank to which I had no right, "after to-morrow you will have a holiday. It is *le quatorze juillet*."

She slipped off her donkey, sat down beside me on my heap of stones, and offered me a freshly baked Corsican cake from her basket.

"One of the things the most agreeable about life, Restitude," I remarked, picking up a flint and leisurely cracking it with my hammer, "is how small ambitions suddenly fulfil themselves in a manner unawaited."

"Monsieur?" she inquired.

"As a little boy," I explained, "I had never envy to drive a locomotive or make a promenade in a balloon or assist at a motor-cycle concourse. But I had always very much envy to sit by the roadside breaking stones with a hammer on a sunny day. And here I am doing it."

"But, monsieur, it is wrong," said Restitude. "You have broken the law. This is punishment." She looked at the number and ticket which the *sergeant de ville* had pinned on the pocket of my blouse.

"Yes and no," I hedged, not quite certain whether a Corsican would understand this idiom. "Last year I rent an apartment on your citadel over there. Your *mairie* posts to me a demand for rates with a one centime stamp on it. The *facteur* walks up the citadel, stands in the square, and blows his whistle. I am shaving, so I cannot go out to see if I am one of the lucky ones with mail that day. He pushes my mail back in his satchel. The next day it happens again. Only it is raining. My rate demand is soaked. It dissolves itself."

Restitude opened her basket again and handed me a fig.

"After a month," I continued, "another demand is sent. This time I am not shaving. I go out into the square and get it from the *facteur*. It says that, if I shall not pay within a week, it is permitted that I do three days' work on the roads instead. This is what I have always

desired. I tell them at the *mairie* I do not pay my rates. And so I break stones on the Route Nationale."

"You English," exclaimed Restitude. "You have no respect for law. How would it be if none of us paid our rates? But after to-morrow is *le quatorze juillet*. How do you keep it in England?"

"We don't keep it," I told her.

"You don't keep Armistice Day!" she said, shocked. In her excitement she dropped into Corsican, but seeing I did not understand repeated her remark in French.

"It isn't Armistice Day," I objected.

"Then what is it?"

"*Le quatorze juillet* the people of Paris burned down the Bastille."

"What is the Bastille?" she inquired, now quite determined to get to the root of the matter.

"It was the big prison in Paris," I informed her.

A forester in a black corduroy suit and brilliant scarlet sash came down the road, followed by a small wild boar, which he had found in the mountains and was rearing.

"Eh, Napoléon," called Restitude. "Monsieur here says that *le*

*quatorze juillet* we celebrate the burning of a prison by the people of Paris."

"*Mais certainement*," agreed Napoléon, stopping and shaking us both by the hand. "Monsieur is right." He picked up his little boar, scratched it under its black bristly chin, patted Restitude's donkey, shook us both by the hand again, and proceeded on his way.

"It is not good to burn down prisons," said Restitude. "It is against the law."

"Exactly," I concurred, "so we in England do not celebrate the burning of the Bastille. You French, you have no respect for law."

Restitude looked troubled.

"Never mind," I comforted her. "A great English statesman, called Fox, *c'est à dire*, Renard, said of it, 'How much is this the greatest event that ever happened in the world and how much the best.'"

Restitude's face cleared. "Ah, *bon*," she said. "Neither the English nor the French have any respect for law. *Nous sommes alliés*. After to-morrow you will dance with me at the fête!"

"*Plaisir, mademoiselle*," I accepted. HH.



"As a matter of fact, I haven't ridden since I was a boy."

## ONLY A BEGINNING

JWTAHOR



**M**OST authors learn sooner or later what their best length is. Some are uncomfortable under about fifty thousand words. Others go right off the rails after about three thousand. Ninety-five is the largest number of words I can remember having written on one subject without faltering, but I am not really happy as a rule after about fifty-nine.

Strictly between the two or three of us I am not really an author (this casual confiding style is one I got out of a bulb catalogue), which is perhaps why I have this trouble; or perhaps it is because I have this trouble that I am not really an author. My second paragraphs are usually just so much padding.



If ever I reach a third it is apt to be weighed down with a good deal of self-conscious straining after effect. After that my only hope of keeping the thing going is to hunt through my collection of old opening paragraphs until I find one that more or less matches.



Not long ago *The Times* published a picture of a dog which it described as the winner in a class for undergraduate elkounds. (On the same page—though that's got nothing to do with it really, I suppose—there was a Mr. Cruft playing a marine trumpet.) If ever there was a theme, with or without Mr. Cruft, that should have taken me the whole distance, there it was; but after two provocative opening sentences (the two we have just had) and a boldly

conceived third one ("Through many a normally well-balanced mind there must have flashed that morning the momentary vision of adolescent elkounds hurrying away from lectures on dialectical materialism or, in lighter vein, hurling hand-grenades at senior proctors...") I tailed off completely. The next bit, which weighed up the possibilities in the not too distant future of an all-elkound boat-race, was merely embarrassing.

It's the same with stories. I can never get them beyond match-box length. Sometimes in desperation I string whole batches of them together and hope no one will notice the joins. Sometimes they don't.

On the whole people are surprisingly unobservant. A friend of mine once got right through the Iron Curtain by showing the official who asked to see his papers some instructions for using mouth-wash.

A little while ago my sister wrote to say that she would like a double elephant drawing-board for her birthday. When I got as far as "Please I would like a double elephant" the cinnamon eyes of the assistant in the artists' materials shop came out of their sockets (to use an expression of my other sister's) on stalks and didn't go in again until I had said "drawing board," which I delayed doing as long as possible for the sheer fun of it.

The incident only annoyed me, because even with details about the



colour of the assistant's eyes it wouldn't run to a second paragraph.

One day my landlady startled me by making a remark in front of the sink (I don't mean that it wasn't suitable for the sink or anything whimsical like that) which looked as if it were going to be quite horrifying right up to the last half of the last word and then wasn't. Here at last, I thought, was some material to work in naturally with the elephant episode, but when I came to write it down I couldn't remember what the remark was, and though I went and stood for hours on the exact spot and tried to make my mind a blank, all that happened was that I came in for a great deal of drying. "I saw the Archdeacon standing in the middle of the road banging Mrs. Hengravel's head-lamp" was the kind of thing it was, but that wasn't it and it's no good pretending it was.

Another thing I did think of doing was to weave both the double elephant board and the undergraduate elkhound into the fabric of an article called "Oddities of the Animal World," but the only other animal I could think of, and that wasn't quite in the same category, was "Bear left for Stoke Newington."

The real snag, though, about stringing opening paras (as they are called in literary circles) together is that when you have done enough of them you have got to have a closing para, and if there is one thing that looks really silly as a closing para it is an opening para. However, with a little ingenuity one can often discover a pretext for the most unlikely courses of action.

Once upon a time my cousin Aurora, when a copy typist at the War Office, accidentally posted twenty-four regimental sergeant majors in the R.A.M.C. to the same unit. Rather than bring ridicule on her department by admitting the mistake she sent word to say that they were all temporarily attached for a short course of instruction. To add conviction she roped in a friend to go down and read them a paper on burns. Considering everything, including the fact that her friend thought she meant Robert Burns, the whole incident passed off very smoothly. DANIEL PETTIWARD



"Good morning, mum. I'm the new labour-saving device."

### HOW COULD I KNOW?

How could I know the time, the street, the number  
on the door,  
The nearest Tube, the way to Croyley Green?  
I do not even know what life is for,  
And nor do you, my Queen.

How could I know the price of sauerkraut, the specific  
gravity  
Of lead, how many inches make a verst,  
When I am such a monster of depravity  
And we are both accurat!

How could I know the kind of hats Peruvian ladies wear,  
The distance of Uranus from the sun,  
When my poor heart is laden down with care  
And we are both undone!

Why should I tell you when Arsène von Schnitterdorf  
was born,  
What Lev Golubkin wrote, and why I hate it,  
When you, my angel, hold me in such scorn  
And I reciprocate it? R. P. LISTER



*"Haigh-be for the Open Road . . ."*

## PATTERN BOOK

*From Literary Ghosts, Ltd. to the Executors of Lord Goll*

DEAR SIR,—We acknowledge the receipt of the private papers of the late Lord Goll and appreciate your esteemed order to prepare an autobiography for posthumous publication. Owing to the absence on extended leave of our political specialist it will be necessary for the work to be done by another member of our staff. We therefore have pleasure in submitting specimen passages prepared by other operatives and should be gratified if you would select the manner of treatment which you prefer.

We remain, etc.

### 1. EARLY CHILDHOOD

By the age of two-plus my nurse-fixation had been complicated by a pram complex, and as when separated from the object of my emotions I developed a violent agitation of my ears, I had to sit in it even at meals,

and at night it stood by the side of my bed. My libido, which got first prize at my nursery school, was a rare solace to me in these early years, and as soon as I was old enough to boast it was obvious that I had an inferiority complex from the way I dragged the libido into the conversation at every opportunity. My ego never recovered from having to take second place to it.

### 2. MY FIRST DAY OUT WITH THE QUORN

Mr. Reynard, who had been visiting, was much put about when he heard the tootle-ootle of the horn and the grrrr! grrrr! of the hounds. "I shall have to put my best foot foremost," he said.

All the hunters in their pretty jackets were riding as hard as they could across the meadow. "Old friend," I whispered into Mr. Horse's long ear, "let us be first across all the fences so that we can see what is going on."

"Leave it to me," said Mr. Horse, and with many a "View-haloo" and "Tally-ho" we chased after Mr. Reynard, hurrying along so quickly that soon not one of the other hunters was in sight.

Alas! when the high wall surrounding a gentleman's estate loomed before us, although Mr. Horse jumped manfully to the top he could not quite get across, so that while his front legs hung down inside the park his back legs hung down towards the road outside, and there I had to wait, blowing my horn as I sat on the saddle, until help arrived.

Mr. Reynard certainly had a fortunate escape that afternoon.

### 3. MY MAIDEN SPEECH

The Whips was purty well rarin' to go and put a stop to the shindy by votin' while I wur windin' up my observations on the Gold (Equalization of Inequalities) Bill. Old man Asquith kep' alookin' at his timepiece and shakin' it as though he reckoned it had stopped. But there weren't nobuddy as were goin' to stop me from sayin' that of all tarnation kittle-kattle them Opposition fellers were the most ornery I iver saw. When I siz thet never since Aunt Maggie Parker lost her peepers in the mashtub had thar bin sich a storm in a tea-caddy, them pikers fair riz at me and the Speaker hisself had to slap them down and remember them they wasn't back home in the pool-room.

### 4. THE FORMATION OF THE MINISTRY OF THE TALENTS

"Take the Woolsack, do," said the P.M. to Har-worthy, his heavy lidded eyes appreciating the subtlety of the offer. A man to whom the Social Comedy was ever preferable to the Political Tragedy, he was his own most appreciative audience. Clankson, who wanted the Woolsack for himself, pressed forward with a plate of sandwiches, which the P.M. waved away, maliciously offering the Duchy of Lancaster in return. From her place beside the tea-table Lady Pax-Ravoli listened with sub-acid amusement to the negotiations between Oxpound and Lagtell over the Exchequer, which she knew had already been promised to Pass-pertine. I was hoping, as one does hope when one is in one's forties but is still thought of by the public as in one's thirties, for something without heavy departmental duties, where I could practise my debating without succumbing to an avalanche of detail. It was rather a shock to me when the P.M. thanked me for my assistance in Opposition and asked me as a special favour to him to accept the post of Second Church Estates Commissioner. "I hope you will make good there," he said with an inscrutable smile.

### 5. THE OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED STATESMAN

Were the reader to peep between the mullions of my Snuggery one morning he might well spy a nobleman, no longer in his salad days, seated at ease and perusing a well-worn, and well-loved, volume. It would indeed be strange if it were neither the Odes of Horace nor the Iliad of Homer that was engaging his attention.

Of indeed has that solitary reader wished that the idle sports of boyhood had not distracted him from his studies and that he had acquired the power of translating other authors of the Ancient World. In the afternoon it is his custom to gain refreshment from his studies by a visit, not unaccompanied by members of the canine tribe, to the maze which occupies a portion of his demesne, there to indulge in the gentle sport of testing his wits against the cunning of the contriver. In the evening he is usually to be found once again in communion with the well-tried friends on his library shelves. *Dulce*, as Horace observed, *est*.

R. G. G. PRICE

## CHIVALRY (1950)

THE fairest flower of chivalry is dead  
Long since, and now there flourishes instead  
A noxious crop of thistle, weed and thorn  
To choke the earth; poor Beauty, all forlorn,  
Perforce must wipe the teardrops from her eye  
Since no Sir Galahad comes riding by;  
Though Hero waits upon the distant shore  
Leander swims a Hellespont no more.

My own dear love most churlishly complains  
Now wooing is conditioned by the trains  
And, while restricted services apply,  
I watch his first, fine, careless rapture die.





## DEPARTMENTAL SQUABBLE

COPSON, of the Housing Department, looked in the other morning in a state of great distress.

"It's Education," he said, when he grew calm enough to reply to Pinnill's sympathetic query. "They're after my Chichester Street site. They want to put a Secondary Modern on it."

We understood at once how he felt. The Chichester Street site has belonged to Housing for so long that the memory of man raneth not to the contrary. Copson himself has grown up with it. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that he knows every dock-leaf, every patch of thistle, every empty petrol-tin, every disused motor-car tyre in the site's tangled wilderness. With almost a mother's pride he has watched it triumph over the efforts of a whole generation of architects and surveyors who have planned its development. His desk is full of abortive lay-outs which have failed to satisfy the subtle and elusive needs of its curious contours. Unhurriedly over the years he continues with his process of elimination. Some day, he is rather sadly aware, he (or, if not he, his successors) will see dwellings rising on Chichester Street. Meanwhile it is the solace of his declining years, as it was formerly the inspiration of his youth. On most fine afternoons in the summer he is to be seen wandering over its rugged surface, while his winter hours are spent poring over his beloved lay-outs.

Naturally a site so desirable has not escaped envious eyes in other departments. Hitherto Copson has successfully repelled all attempted encroachments, but his tone suggested that the new threat from Education was easily the most serious yet.

"Just as you were ready to start building, I have no doubt," said Chopleigh, with friendly satire. Whenever one meets Copson he is always just about to lay the first brick.

"Exactly," said Copson, touchingly unconscious of the irony. "The new lay-out was going before the committee next Wednesday."

"The one with the seven-storey blocks!"

"No, we had to abandon that one. The subsoil wasn't equal to the load. The present one—a beauty—provides for sixty-nine dwellings on four floors, with sixteen perambulator-sheds, a communal laundry, and a . . . but what's the use of talking about it now!" And Copson broke off, his face puckered frightfully with grief.

Miss Beamish brought him a chair, and after a bit he rallied. "Of course, I shall fight them," he said. "I'll fight them as I fought Parks when they wanted it for a recreation ground; as I fought Welfare when they tried to get it for their old people's hostel."

Dibdin coughed a tactful warning on behalf of us all. We used to be with Welfare ourselves and we have never quite forgotten how ruthlessly Copson steam-rolled our modest request for a part of the site for our hostel. To this day there are men in Welfare who will not willingly sit down to lunch at the same table with an officer from Housing. We are not ourselves cast in so unforgiving a mould, but we do not relish reminders of the episode.

"A Secondary Modern on Chichester Street!" went on Copson, hoarsely. "Never! I'd rather let the private builder have it."

"Copson!" said Pinnill, sharply. "You go too far!"

Copson gave a strangled groan and rushed blindly out.

"He's distraught," said Dibdin. "He'd never have said that if he were normal."

"I should hope not," said Pinnill frigidly.

"I shall never forget his eyes," said Miss Beamish.

\* \* \*

By the next day it was apparent that this was a struggle in which there could be no neutrality. The Council was split into two warring factions. Ranged behind Housing were Public Health, Legal and Parliamentary, and Finance. Against them were most of the other departments, including Town Planning, who expressed the view, after

much vacillation, that the creation of a balanced community, by the integration of the cultural needs of the neighbourhood unit in a functional synthesis with its industrial life, imperatively required the erection of a school on Chichester Street.

Once it was known that T.P. were against Copson it was generally felt that his cause was lost. Council history records no instance of a department emerging victorious from a struggle with the Planners. Copson himself clearly thought defeat was inevitable.

So it would have been had help not come from a most unlikely quarter. Yesterday a letter was received from the Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs coolly indicating that they would like the site for one of their experimental research stations. After the initial shock of horror and indignation the Council leapt to arms as one man, all petty domestic differences forgotten. It was the Dunkirk spirit over again. The Chief Education Officer came into Copson's office, tore up the school plans before his eyes, and put himself entirely at his disposal in the spirit of a junior minister handing in his portfolio during a Cabinet reshuffle. The Finance Department have prepared a statement to show that the abortive expenditure, if the site is abandoned, will mean a six-penny rate increase. Town Planning are at work upon a memorandum indicating that the creation of a balanced community by the integration of the residential development in a functional synthesis with the surrounding areas will be quite impossible unless the Chichester Street site is used for housing.

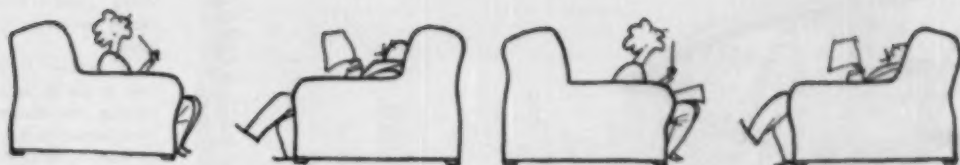
As for Copson, he has already been on the phone to Sir Tristram, the Third Assistant Secretary, to tell him that the Minister's unthinkable proposal comes at the very moment when he, Copson, is just about to lay the first brick.

§ §

## Water Music

"Wanted—Single Room, with Bath for Music Lesson, Vicinity Galle Face." Advt. in "Times of Ceylon"

For... ..



*I know it's a terrible trial, dear, but you know we simply must have those Robinsons to dine some day soon—what about asking them for next Thursday fortnight . . .*

*. . . and, as we must have someone to meet them, we might ask George Jackson and Pamela Jones—both as dull as ditchwater, I know, but they're all about the same weight . . .*



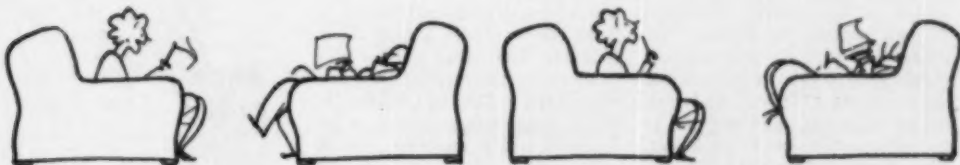
*Well, as it happens, Pamela writes that she can't come, so I'll try Iris Thompson—she's duller still, but it can't be helped . . .*

*. . . and George says he can't come either, so I'd better ask Sam Johnson—he's quite, quite deadly, but beggars can't be choosers . . .*



*You'll be relieved to hear that Iris and Sam are both delighted to accept, so that's all right, but there's a letter from the Robinsons, who are desolated that they can't come, which means that . . .*

*. . . we'd better ask the old Browns instead—they're both quite terrible, of course, but there aren't many people you can ask at such short notice . . .*



*Mercifully, the Browns can come all right, so Thursday's fixed up—but there's another little thing that's worrying me rather . . .*

*. . . I know it's a terrible trial, but you know we simply must have those Robinsons to dine some day soon—what about asking them for . . .*

# VIRTUOUS CIRCLE



## MEMOIRS OF A SITE-WATCHER

WHAT I had feared has come to pass: they have erected a tall fence of corrugated iron all the way from York Road (almost) to the point where Waterloo Road becomes Waterloo Bridge, and as a direct result I have lost my favourite pitch as a Festival site-watcher.

Before the barricades went up I was on the job every day, perched against the low brick wall right next to Dan, an old timer who holds practically every record for site-watching. He taught me all I know of the game—how to distinguish between foremen and L.C.C. high-ups, and between new workers and habitual players to the gallery; he taught me to interpret the crane-driver's signals, to lip-read the innuendoes of the concrete-mixer minder, and to identify the sound of back-slapping P.R.O.s. And now we are separated, my tutor and I: he has taken a season-ticket, I hear, on a site overlooking the extensions to a power station near Barking.

As for me, I went round the other day to the Festival of Britain offices in Savoy Court and demanded a permit to view. All they wanted in return was my identity number—ONJI/252/2—and a clear under-

standing that I, as holder of the permit, would enter such premises at my own risk and relieve "the London County Council, its licensees, contractors, servants and agents from all liability for injury or loss howsoever arising . . ."

Four hours later, when I emerged from the site into York Road, I knew exactly what "howsoever arising" meant: it meant arising from violent collision with swinging girders, bars, angles, slabs of concrete and other heavenly bodies, falls from swaying planks and ladders, purlers over pipes, cables, masonry, theodolites and stooping surveyors; and from silicosis.

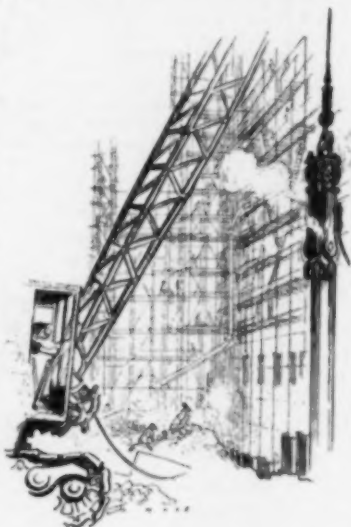
I have never experienced worse site-watching conditions. Dust and grit swirled and billowed everywhere, more voluminously than they do in Arizona or even in films about Arizona. The entire Festival site of twenty-seven acres has been pulverized and mashed by innumerable drills, compressors, grabs and sledge hammers and is ready to take off at the first suspicion of a breeze. I do not believe that the place can be got clean by May, 1951—not even if they call in the Housewives' League. A notice near the Shot Tower reads "London County Council: Please Avoid Damage to Outer Branches of Trees"; but there

were no trees to be seen, only three weird Coal Age fossils caked with loess.

However, it is just possible, with regular assistance from amateur ophthalmic surgeons and the corner of a pocket-handkerchief, to discern the outline of the great exhibition; and so I am able to offer some sort of progress report. As follows.

The Bailey Bridge is coming along nicely. When completed (October of this year!) it will

link the site with the North Bank and will effectively screen Hungerford Bridge from observers to the west. British Railways have promised to slap aluminium paint over much of the bridge, and the Council of Industrial Design may, for all I know, add a few decorative window-boxes. There will be turn-stiles and pigeons at the Charing Cross end



of the footbridge, which is being erected by Army engineers.

The Concert Hall is coming along nicely. I noticed, however, that some of the scaffolding is beginning to show signs of rust. The hall will be one hundred and fourteen feet high, will cover nearly two acres and will not, of course, have the Albert Memorial opposite. Most of the workmen seemed to be testing its acoustics—one of them with a fine baritone version of "Me and My Shadow."

The Shot Tower is coming along nicely. Steeplejacks have hung up a sign, on the Waterloo Bridge side of the tower, proclaiming themselves to be steeplejacks, and they have begun to remove masonry and iron-work from the summit. There is as yet no sign of the "radio telescope" which will enable visitors to the Dome of Discovery to see (and, perhaps, hear) waves of some kind from the sun, the stars and meteors. There is no truth in the rumour that a large tower will be erected in the Pavilion of Industry to demonstrate the manufacture of lead shot.

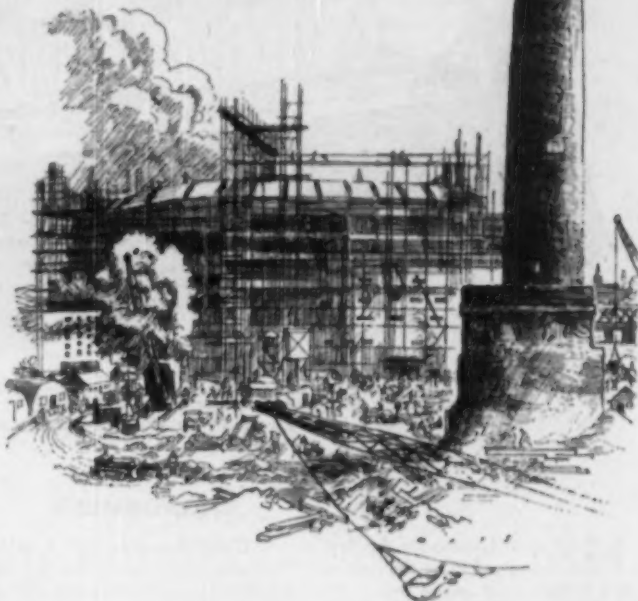
Either the Pavilion of Natural Resources or the Transport Pavilion is coming along nicely. I am not sure which: the man working the air compressor refused to switch off his machine when I put my question to him and seemed to have an impediment in his shout.

The tea shops and cafeterias are not coming along nicely. I followed a man with a tray for several minutes, only to see him disappear down a man-hole.

The Dome of Discovery is coming along nicely. It is already quite shapely: the radial concrete supports are in position and so is the enormous steel rim. I am told that the area of the gleaming aluminium dome, which is being made at Tipton, will be equal to that of Trafalgar Square.

The Palace of Public Relations is coming along . . . no, I'm sorry, that's all the information I have at the moment, and, even so, I cannot vouch for its complete accuracy. Remember, please, that I had nothing more to guide me through the dust-storm than a handful of notices—"River Wall Contract This

Way," "First-Aid Post," "No Road," "Dear me, Charles, I should have lashed that ladder!"—and a huddle of contractors', surveyors' and timekeepers' huts. Under such



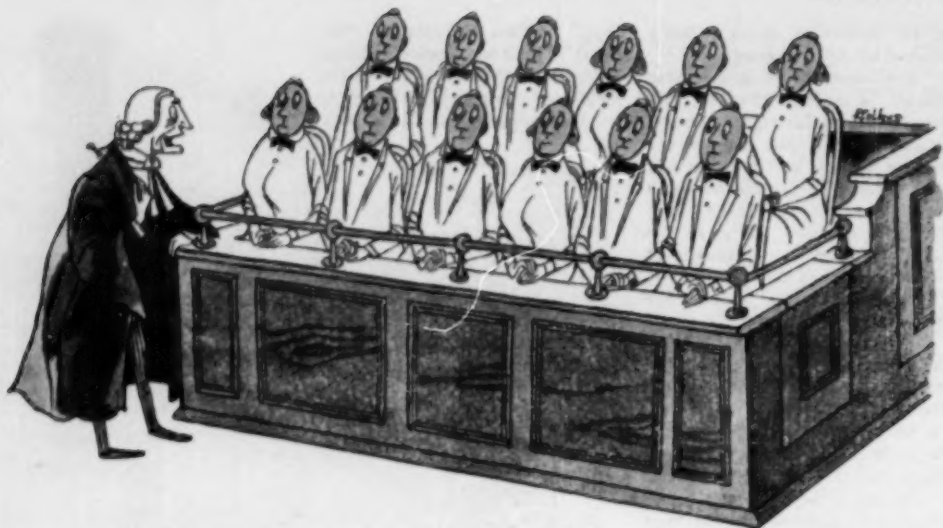
conditions it was no mean achievement to examine what is known as the "Upstream Sequence" without stepping into the Thames or flattening myself against the bricked-up arches of Hungerford Bridge. By the way, there are still two or three private firms operating from their premises underneath the arches. They are taking frightful risks: any day now a mechanical grab is likely to mistake them for something scheduled for the four and a half acres of new embankment reclaimed from the Thames.

It is said that the Festival will cost, all told, at least nine million pounds. How much of this money has already been spent I cannot say, but I would very humbly remind the organizers that enough is as good as a festival. I do so not because I am alarmed by the size of the taxpayer's burden, but because many a promising work of art has been ruined by over-elaboration. The site as it is now seems to fulfil

the aims and objects of the Festival Committee extremely well. Take, for example, the section between Hungerford Bridge and County Hall which contains the first rough drafts of the Dome of Discovery and the pavilions of Transport, Natural Resources, Power and Production, the Land of Britain, Country and Sea and Ships. These pavilions "... will give a vivid picture of how the British Isles were formed," will show "how man has modified the landscape," will demonstrate "the ever-increasing uses to which British resources have been put—even the air itself," and will make "the fullest use of working exhibits."

Nothing, I maintain, could tell this story better than the half-completed sea-wall and bridge, the jungles of scaffolding, the mountains of rubble and the dust. I don't think I shall bother to go to the exhibition next year; it could only be a dreadful anti-climax.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



*"... and somehow, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, I don't think you are going to have much trouble in coming to a unanimous decision."*

## ENGAGEMENT

I WAS up in London for the day, and I dropped in at the club to see if there were any letters.

"No letters," said the man, "but your wife rang up and left a message to say that you must not forget about to-night."

I thanked him, and asked him what day it was.

"Tuesday," he told me.

"So I thought," I said, "though I had a faint forlorn hope that it might be Wednesday. On Wednesdays we always play tennis with Mr. and Mrs. Johnson-Clitheroe, which would explain my wife's message. But if it is really Tuesday I cannot remember what it is I am not to forget."

He suggested, brightly, that I might ring up my home and ask.

So I queued up for ten minutes outside the club telephone-booths. One of the reasons why I keep up my subscription to my London club is that one can queue up there in reasonable comfort.

Mrs. Gudgeon, who obliges us twice a week, answered when I at last got through. She told me that Edith was out shopping.

"When she comes in," I said, "will you kindly ask her to ring up my club and leave a message telling me what it is I must not forget to-night?"

I had a business appointment in the afternoon which took rather longer than I had expected, and it was four o'clock by the time I got back to the club.

"Is there a message," I asked, "from my wife?"

"There is," said the man. "She wants you to ring her before three-thirty."

It was four-fifteen by the time I managed to get through, and of course there was no reply. Edith, no doubt, had popped out to tea with somebody.

I tried again at five o'clock, but there was still no reply, so I decided that the best plan would be to catch the five-twenty-five train home instead of staying, as I usually do on my London visits, to dine at the club.

The five-twenty-five was just disappearing from view when I arrived at the barrier, so I caught the five-forty to Muntun Junction,

hoping to catch a bus home from there to Muntun-on-Sea, where I live. Muntun Junction is four miles from Muntun-on-Sea, but there is an hourly bus service. The buses are so timed that whenever you arrive at Muntun Junction one has just gone.

Somebody else had snapped up the only taxi, so I took the short cut across the downs, and walked, arriving home hot and tired and expecting to find Edith ready dressed to go wherever we had arranged to go, and with a very cold look in her eyes.

There was no cold look and no Edith. So I crossed the road to Mrs. Gudgeon's cottage to see if she could explain the mystery.

She could.

"When you didn't ring up at three o'clock," she said, "your wife thought that you must have remembered the engagement for to-night."

"What engagement?" I asked.

"You had fixed up to dine with her at your London club," she explained. "It is Ladies' Night."

D. H. BARBER



## FROM THE CHINESE

## THE FEAST

"It is bad enough",  
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
 "To be invited to the feast  
 And then expected  
 To make an oration.  
 For these two  
 Are opposite states,  
 Like sleeping and waking.  
 No man  
 Would lead a traveller  
 To a fine bed,  
 And then for a long time  
 Contrive to keep him awake,  
 Unless, indeed,  
 He had malignant intentions.  
 This humble person  
 By taking thought  
 Is able to provide  
 A meal  
 In his own place:  
 But he feels no urge  
 To make an oration  
 About it.  
 When others choose  
 To invite him to a feast  
 He would consider seemly  
 A general reticence.  
 He expects to be at ease  
 In mind and body,  
 To fill his belly  
 With food and wine,  
 To laugh with damsels,  
 And talk without thought,  
 Passing slowly  
 Into a swoon of bliss,  
 Or, at the least,  
 Into a state of no anxiety.  
 But to make an oration,  
 To salute a society  
 Whose purposes  
 Are strange to him,  
 To praise official persons  
 Whom he never saw before  
 And does not wish  
 To see again,  
 He must remain  
 Alert and wakeful.  
 He must be false  
 To the spirit of the feast,  
 Refusing wine,  
 Forgetting the damsels;  
 He must be a captive  
 In a state of anxiety,  
 As you have seen  
 A winged insect  
 Caught in the sweets,  
 Unable to escape  
 Or to enjoy.

All this,"  
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
 "Could be borne with fortitude  
 If the obscene ordeal  
 Were finished quickly.  
 But no!  
 After the first oration,  
 A female singer performs,  
 Singing two songs  
 Of ineffable folly,  
 Reminding this person  
 Of the sayings of Lo Ching Wang.  
 After the second oration  
 In comes a hired magician,  
 Who does innumerable wonders  
 With painted cards,  
 With ropes and coins  
 And furry animals  
 Which come from the Upper  
 Air.  
 Then the third oration:  
 After that  
 The female singer returns  
 With a male singer,  
 Like a musical mountain.  
 These two sing together  
 Hour after hour.  
 Then the fourth oration,  
 Saluting the Invited Ones,  
 For whom this humble person  
 Is to give thanks—  
 Though whether it be seemly  
 For the Invited Ones  
 To be invited  
 By those who invited them  
 To give thanks  
 Is a question  
 Not lightly to be answered.  
 Now, surely,

The ordeal will have an end.  
 The night is old,  
 The moon is high,  
 Many of those invited  
 Are in a swoon of bliss,  
 And some have departed  
 To their own place, wearily.  
 But no—  
 In comes now  
 Another hired one,  
 A laughable person,  
 Who puts on his head  
 Many laughable coverings,  
 Plays musical instruments,  
 And imitates  
 Famous statesmen and performers.  
 Those of the company  
 Who are not in a swoon of bliss  
 Laugh loudly  
 And prepare for the journey.  
 All this time  
 This humble person  
 Has been refusing wine,  
 Inventing subtle jests,  
 And wounding the damsels  
 By inattentive behaviour.  
 Now, at the noon of night,  
 When the watchmen cry  
 The passing of the Moon,  
 He is called upon  
 To make an oration  
 More laughable, more wise and  
 loving  
 Than all that has passed before,  
 Giving thanks  
 For the evening's joys.  
 One of these nights,"  
 Said the scribe Ching Fo,  
 "I shall damn well rise,  
 And tell them  
 What is in my mind."  
 A. P. H.



MAHOOO

## AS THE RUN-STEALERS FLICKER

THE insistence of women on their right to be allowed into cricket-grounds and, if not actually to watch the game, at least to sit more or less facing it on the benches provided for that purpose, has always rather narked men. Only the other day an angry letter to a newspaper called for reservations or sanctuaries where men could sit, safe from women's silly chatter. The writer even went on to say that women do not understand the "deeper rhythms and religions of the game." It was altogether a tough piece of prose, and I think the time has come for us women to put our side of the question.

The first point I want to make is that, whatever else we women don't understand about cricket, we do understand those deeper rhythms and religions. Take the religions first. I should think every woman who has ever waited outside the wrong gate at Lord's must have noticed that there are in the world thousands of bronzed men wearing striped ties. You couldn't get bronzed like that unless you lived outdoors all the year round, playing cricket and watching it, and you couldn't wear a striped tie like that unless you had been on a waiting-list for twenty years. These are, in fact, dedicated beings, and nothing short of a religious movement can account for them.

It accounts, too, for the dogged sandwich-cutting that goes on in so many homes at a ridiculously early hour on a Saturday morning, by wives who know better than to say what they are thinking. What they are thinking is that one day they might suggest, just timidly suggest, that perhaps their husbands needn't really start before half-past eight, need they? and even if they did arrive at the ground a bit late and didn't get a seat in the front row it wouldn't matter terribly, would it? and if they did happen to arrive so late as to find the gate shutting a minute or two before they would

have got to the top of the queue, well, it's only a game, isn't it? and then they can come home and do the shopping. I expect if husbands knew about the subversive thought that gets squashed with the tomato into their sandwiches it wouldn't make any difference. They would still treat their lunches as something they shoved into their faces while wondering if it is worth while trying to get a drink.

But that sort of thinking will never be put into words. Wives must make do with asking, in that patient voice they know so well how to assume, if the sandwiches are meant to be for him too; they are referring to the fellow-crank their husband mustn't keep waiting, and the result is a lunch and a half each. You don't get the most subversive wife omitting that gesture of hospitality represented by two extra sandwiches made of lettuce and egg-crums.

As for the rhythms of the game, I may have been over-hasty in claiming that we women understand their full depth and subtlety. If, for example, it counts as a rhythm when a bowler waves a fieldman a few inches to the left and someone behind us mutters "Ah! I thought so," then we are rather lost. But we are perfectly acquainted with the general set-up of cricket, the incessant running and walking and shunting which resolve these thirteen white-flannelled figures into their fascinating pattern of activity. I would have said fifteen, because the umpires are as active as anyone; but explaining that they wear any old trousers and grocers' overalls would have spoilt a good sentence. Indeed, if there is one thing we worry about when we watch cricket it is the way all these poor players have to keep walking to somewhere else only a few minutes after they have settled down. We women, who are alleged to walk miles a day doing housework, have every sympathy with a fielding side. We are even sorry for the umpires, who spend half their working day in a one-man queue. The batsmen, we say, can look after themselves. Not that we always think they do. We consider, privately, that if every batsman hit every ball, and hit it hard enough, he would get all the runs he needed.

This brings me to the other side of the picture. Does it, I wonder, surprise you to hear that we women, even those of us who happen not to be talking at the moment but following with puzzled intensity the flight of the ball from the bowler's hand to the batsman's feet—does it surprise you to learn that we *have never in our lives seen an off-break? Or a leg-break? Or a googly?* We know that they exist, but what we can't understand is how people as far away as the spectators are can tell they are happening. To us the ball just sort of goes through the air until it lands either on the ground or on the bat. If it bounces near the bat we know that it is a half-volley. We are fairly sure that bounce and half-volley are the wrong words—we even have a pretty good idea of the right words—but I am trying to explain simply and clearly a somewhat complicated state of half-knowledge.



"And then, to crown it all, we learned that the Spaniards had gone and bought up all the nylons."



We are absolutely sure that a ball hit before it bounces—to us a shattering feat of judgment—is called a full-pitch. We are equally sure that a leg-break is when it bounces away to the batsman side of the bat, which means that the off-break is to the other side. But the fact remains that the science of bowling eludes us. We have learnt to nod wisely when some kind friend drops us a word about the situation. We do a lot of wise nodding because there is batting as well as bowling in cricket, and, as I was implying, we think the whole batting *mystique* an exaggeration.

But I'm not going to leave you thinking that we women don't like watching cricket. Men, poor things, worry about late cuts and in-swingers; we are free to enjoy the sunshine, the clonk of bat on ball, the majestic skill of the loping, hurling figures round the boundary, the pink-and-grey crowds with the little bright clumps of prep-school caps; the final 0 that always goes up first when they change a score on the score-board, and the fun sparrows have pretending to be high catches. It is only we women who think they are high catches, but that is a part of what I mean; that we miss nothing, or nothing that matters, of this beautiful game.

ANDE

## BACK ROOM JOYS

### GETTING THE KNACK

VERY few of our joys  
Poise

On a single moment of time, a particular second,  
But among them is reckoned  
Getting the knack,  
The trick of a thing, the sudden accession of skill—  
That heavenly coming-together of muscle and will.

Now there is no looking back—  
We can scull over the stern;  
We can skate,  
Figure-of-eight—  
No more need to learn;  
Power has been added to us, we can never lose it.  
How greedily confirmingly we use it  
Keeping it burningly alive—  
Our cycling without handle-bars, our jack-knife  
dive!  
We can whistle through our teeth—aren't we clever?  
We can make smoke-rings—and they'll last for ever.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON



## IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, July 3rd

Now and then in the House of Commons, as in the wider world, someone does, or says, something that "catches on" and becomes celebrated. It seems to your scribe that Mr. G. NABARRO, the Stentor-voiced Conservative M.P. for Kidderminster, won that kind of fame to-day. Maybe, in years to come, when someone refers to a part-worn egg as being "squiffy," a bystander will be able to say: "Yes, I heard that expression invented in the House of Commons. On July 3, 1950, it was!"

It seemed so exactly right, in the context. Mr. NABARRO was complaining that Ministry of Food eggs had lost the first bloom of youth when they reached the shops, and it was admitted for the Ministry that it took from seven to nine days from hen to grocer. And, said the under-Minister, it was not proposed to change the method.

It was then that Mr. N. made his historic pronouncement: "These eggs often arrive in the shops in an aged, musty and squiffy condition." But the Minister would not budge.

Diligent search by your scribe in all available dictionaries discloses only the meaning "slightly intoxicated" for the word "squiffy." So perhaps the connecting link was the word "high," which has a common meaning.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES, as Minister of Works, is responsible for the maintenance in good repair of staircases and buildings generally. It is evident that he must mind his own step, for when he rises to answer questions an air of alertness comes over the Opposition benches.

To-day, for instance, there was a question about how long the Ministry intended to retain parts of the Royal Park at Richmond for various war-time purposes. Mr. STOKES replied: "Agriculture will come to an end very shortly—"

One could almost hear them click as a hundred pairs of eyes swung

along the Treasury Bench to seek out Mr. TOM WILLIAMS, the Minister of Agriculture, with a "What-did-we-tell-you" look, and a roar of glee drowned all further words. Clearly baffled and puzzled, the Minister waited, then, light dawning, he roared: "in Richmond Park!"—and that set the laughter going again.

Mr. ATTLEE made another statement on the fighting in Korea, and gained cheers when he mentioned that Commonwealth countries were making their armed contribution to

Mr. ATTLEE rose to make a statement about the white fish industry, Members representing fishing constituencies bent forward as though in prayer. But, in reality, they were merely crouching over the tiny loudspeakers on the backs of the seats, for Mr. ATTLEE was speaking softly and swiftly. He said a Government body was to be set up to regulate the white fish industry and generally to help it back to prosperity. This was received with acclaim, but there was less enthusiasm for a further statement that the Government would do all it could to increase the quantity of fish eaten by the public.

As though to stress the Hobsonian nature of the choice before the London public, Mr. GEORGE ISAACS, the Minister of Labour, made a statement about the strike that was holding up meat deliveries to Metropolitan shops. The strike had already deprived Londoners of a week's fresh meat, and forced them to make do with bully-beef. There was a sigh of resignation at this, but it turned to a shout of shocked surprise when Mr. MELLISH, one of the dockers' M.P.s, expressed the view that dockers would "naturally" refuse to work if troops were put in to work with them. When the shouts of protest had died down Mr. MELLISH announced that the fact he had mentioned was a "fundamental principle."

From questions asked earlier, it would appear (to borrow a topical phrase) that British nylon stockings are bustin' out all over, for there were acid complaints that they laddered unduly. This Mr. HERVEY RHODES, for and on behalf of the Board of Trade, denied, alleging (a) that they "showed no increased propensity for laddering" and (b) that British nylons are as good as any in the world.

Lady Members registered (a) sheer disbelief and (b) fully-fashioned disagreement.



### Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. M. Webb  
Food Minister (Bradford, Central)

collective defence, at the request of the United Nations.

Somewhat less clear and concise (perhaps designedly so) was a statement by Sir STAFFORD CIPPS, which appeared to modify the Government's demand that incomes shall not, at present, be allowed to rise. He seemed to say that, since the struggle against inflation is now a trifle less urgent, the lowest paid among us might have a little more.

The House then went on to talk in thousands of millions of pounds, the topic being the Budget. Gallant (and wordy) attempts were made to get cuts in purchase tax, and various other taxes, but they came to nothing. Nobody seemed greatly surprised.

Tuesday, July 4th

When, at the end of Questions,



*"Just try this one for size, sir."*

Wednesday, July 5th

Mr. ATTLEE, in defending his War Minister, Mr. STRACHEY, from a charge that he had departed from Government policy over

House of Commons:  
The Trouble in Korea

the Schuman Plan, employed (as was expected) the hoary excuse that the Minister had been misreported. Talk of a "plot" in the speech, he said, had referred not to M. Schuman and his colleagues, but to the tactics of the Tory Opposition in the recent debate. Surprisingly, this description of Parliament's proceedings was allowed to pass without challenge. But Lord WINTERTON won cheers when he announced that the last had not been heard of Mr. S.'s speech and its implications.

Then Sir STAFFORD CRIPPS announced a great improvement in our gold reserve—which Mr. OLIVER LYTTELTON said was a signal to all

to redouble their efforts to build up our trade.

In a curiously nondescript atmosphere, Mr. ATTLEE rose to move a motion approving the Government's action in supporting the United Nations decision to intervene against aggression in Korea. The action of the North Korean forces in attacking South Korea, he said, was naked aggression and a direct affront to the United Nations. So the challenge had to be taken up.

And, that being so, the free world was indebted to the United States Government for its swift and resolute action in Korea, in support of the United Nations' decision. Delay might have been fatal, for aggressors relied on it.

Mr. CHURCHILL made it clear that he was on the side of the Government and against any possible dissentients behind Ministers. For nobody in his senses would

believe Communist propaganda to the effect that the South had wantonly attacked the North. Mr. C. defended his party from a Socialist Press charge that they had "bayed" approval of the fighting, and pointed out that they had merely approved a statement by Mr. ATTLEE—while some of the benches behind the Government had been "curiously silent."

It was a time of "deepening crisis" and he asked for a secret session debate on our defences. He also advocated a new attempt to get an agreement with the Soviet Government—but from strength, not weakness.

The debate then drifted to the Back benches, until Mr. EDEN and Mr. MORRISON brought it to an end with two admirable speeches.

The House then accepted the Prime Minister's motion without a division and with general cheering.



## AT THE PLAY

*Tartuffe* (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH)  
*Gaslight* (VAUDEVILLE)



WHEN the first version of *Tartuffe* was given at Versailles the Church was so incensed by its attack on religious cant that Louis XIV banned it; five years later he relented. Bringing the play to London, in another of Mr. MILES MALLESON's "free adaptations," the Bristol Old Vic happily recalls this history by opening with "The Impromptu at Versailles," the brief rehearsal scene (the first of the "rehearsal" plays) in which Molière claims privilege for the social satirist. The suggestion made by Mr. ALLAN DAVIS in his attractive production that Louis is present in the Royal Box is curiously persuasive.

Once more, as in "The Miser," Mr. MALLESON gives us acceptable modern English, retaining the spirit of the original at a certain sacrifice in style. I think the bargain a good one. This play is not so wildly funny as "The Miser," but it cuts much deeper. It contains what must be about the biggest build-up afforded to any character in drama; for scene after scene we see only the shadow of the vampire over the



Unholy Mess

Mr. Manningham—  
 Mr. ROBERT NEWTON



Devil's Disciple

Monsieur Orjon—Mr. WENSLEY PITHEY; Dorine—Miss JESSIE EVANS  
 Tartuffe—Mr. GEORGE COULOURIS

family on which he has settled. When at last he does appear, handing his hair shirt and scourge to the servant, the effect is formidable, though not quite so formidable as it might have been. One side of *Tartuffe's* nature, the greed and cold cunning with which he batters on his gullible host to the outrage of the household, Mr. GEORGE COULOURIS admirably captures; he is less successful with the impostor's passions, that lead to the attempted seduction of his hostess and thus to his exposure. This *Tartuffe* is a steely humbug, but not loose-lipped enough; one feels he would have held himself in check for the greater prize of Orjon's fortune.

The best piece of acting comes from Miss JESSIE EVANS as *Dorine*, the impudent maid who heads the rebellion. It seems to flood the stage with coarse vitality. Miss FRANCES ROWE is also good as Orjon's upright wife, handling the scene of the monster's humiliation with delicate and charming mockery; and Mr. DAVID KING-WOOD makes a forceful figure of the brother-in-law, *Cleante*. In the old ninny himself, cosmic butt of bogus piety, Mr. WENSLEY PITHEY is up against a major problem, which he solves not uncreditably along amiable lines.

In Mr. DENNIS ARUNDELL's revival of *Gaslight* we are reminded

of Mr. PATRICK HAMILTON's uncommon skill with the psychological thriller. He adds suspense as cunningly as a chef adds the drops of oil to a mayonnaise, and it is all openly accomplished. From the beginning, watching *Manningham's* refined torture of his fluttering little wife, we know him for a villain, and when the fatherly detective sketched by Box breaks it to her that she is living with a homicidal maniac the play loses nothing by its honesty. The tension is allowed to relax for a long interval during the detective's visit, but only that it can be made even tighter by the events that follow. Mr. ROBERT NEWTON matches the lowering old house in sinister evil. Miss ROSAMUND JOHN conveys the frenzy, if not the full horror, of the wife. And Mr. GEORGE MERRITT rounds the detective splendidly. But neat as is the trick of the fading lamps, one wonders why the maids never lowered the pressure by lighting theirs. Perhaps they lived in the dark.

#### Recommended

*Seagulls over Sorrento* (Apollo) has the biggest laughs. *Golden City* (Adelphi) is a lively musical about the South African gold rush. And don't postpone too long the rare delights of *Ring Round the Moon* (Globe), London's most interesting production. ERIC KROWN

## BOOKING OFFICE

## Three Sages

**R**EAL success for a Thinker is to influence the automatic reactions of other people and to be forgotten himself, except by historians of thought. Unless the man of ideas is an artist, or so fantastically wrong that he becomes amusing, he has little fame. To the altruist this does not matter, if he succeeds in getting what he wants to get into people's heads.

What, for example, is the contemporary status of Havelock Ellis? His *The Genius of Europe* contains hitherto uncollected essays, the earliest of which was written in 1901. They have no literary appeal and we are not far enough away from them to have the interest of a historical source. The book is packed with miscellaneous erudition; but the erudition is inevitably out of date and second-hand. Ellis's own observations on his travels have a vitality and acuteness lacking in his painstaking summaries of books by philologists, anthropologists, ethnologists and archaeologists. He was more of a racist than is fashionable nowadays, attaching great importance to cephalic indices and pigmentation. He generalizes wildly, switching from physical anthropology to climatology or history when necessary to prove a point. All musical genius is Slav. The leading German composers came from areas where distribution maps prove the existence of Slavonic physical types. One composer came from the wrong area; but one of his eight great-grandparents came from the right one, so the theory is saved. The long essay on Russia, written just after the Kerensky Revolution, is well worth reading, despite its slickness, for its evocation of a people among whom the writer had been happy, and as showing what an intelligent observer failed to see.

Mr. Gerald Heard is an experienced interpreter of contemporary science, with strong views of his own on the ethical implications of the scientific picture of the universe. His *Morals Since 1900*, in the new series of Twentieth Century Histories, is full of matter which will be new to non-scientific readers. It is brilliantly written and, despite far too many misprints, very readable. He points out fairly all the evidence for a pessimistic forecast of the future but ends on a note of cautious optimism, based on the results of very recent research.

The book is argumentative rather than historical, and the author is far more concerned to influence than to narrate. He interprets his subject broadly enough to cover all branches of ethics and he is more interested in such fundamental shifts of intellectual climate as that from economics to psychology as the key-science than in superficial changes of custom. He considers the development of a non-material cosmology, the recognition of the importance of ecology and the investigation of para-normal psychology have not yet had time to affect everyday thinking; but mechanism is dead, its last triumph being the popularity of shock-therapy and frontal leucotomy. However, his earlier discussion

of the problem of power rather suggests that materialism is far from impotent, whatever the weakness of its theoretical foundations.

Mr. Eric Bentley's *Bernard Shaw* is a bright and convincing discussion of Mr. Shaw's thought and of its expression, and modification, in his plays. Mr. Bentley has the advantage over many of his rivals of knowing something about the theatre as well as about the History of Ideas. He comes down strongly on the side of Mr. Shaw the Artist, and argues that the lack of converts for the Thinker has often distracted attention from the triumph of the Dramatist. He points out that the Shavian philosophy must be judged in the light of the mental climate of the 'eighties, when the long essays were written. It is easy to forget how far Mr. Shaw goes back. (He was three years old at the death of Metetrnich and four at the birth of Chekhov.) As an artist he reached maturity long after he had made his contribution to thought. Man has long ago digested or rejected the Shavian world-view. Like Havelock Ellis, its creator belongs to history, where he may possibly be joined by Mr. Heard. But the plays and the prose are timeless, and it is difficult to foresee a present in which they will not be contemporary.

R. G. G. PRICE

## Sorrrows of an Eldest Sister

Stories beginning "when I was a little girl" would seem to demand either an attractive subject, outlook and handling or such a measure of stark truth as satisfies the scientifically curious. None of these conditions prevails for long in *Roberta*; for Roberta is a self-centred little Niobe treated by her retrospective self, Miss Mary Lamont, to an oppressive degree of sympathy. The child's circle and its properties strike one as post-dated. "Round about the turn of the century"



"You'll have to jump about a bit more at feeding time if you want to get on television."

would hardly have seen the scion of a large country house languishing under ogre governesses, to be "finished" by one of them in 1916. Yet Roberta's chronicle does underline the importance and poignancy of a child's relations to other people and the sensitive secrecy in which its loves, hates, fears and its craving for beauty are shrouded. Her tenderness for deaf Mr. Ogilvie, her compassion for a bullied small servant and her ecstasy before a nocturnal vision of glow-worms show Roberta at her best.

H. F. E.

### Take a Brace of Inkfish . . .

Those who have mysteriously failed to reconcile garlic with their social conscience will find little to their taste in Miss Elizabeth David's *A Book of Mediterranean Food*, but for all lovers of the ancient kitchen magic of the Midi and beyond it is full of practical information, amusingly presented. Some of the dishes may be, for us, a shade academic: the Turkish stuffing for a whole sheep, for instance, and the pimentos stuffed with boned quails stuffed in their turn with *foie gras*; but many of Miss David's suggestions demand nothing more than courage and an imaginative use of olive oil, tomatoes, onions and herbs, and where the main ingredient is missing in England a native product can often be substituted, as in her recipe for a *bouillabaisse* of river fish. The soups are all within our diminished reach. In spite of following the French in their liking for red burgundy with lobster this is a most civilized little book, spiced with euphetic quotations from such masters of the south as Norman Douglas.

E. O. D. K.



"I never felt a thing."

### The Romantic Tradition

In *The Darkling Plain*—a title borrowed from Arnold—Mr. John Heath-Stubbs, himself a poet, has made what is specifically "a study of the later fortunes of Romanticism in English poetry from George Darley to W. B. Yeats," but is in effect a comprehensive, and a stimulating and challenging survey of that poetry through the course of a century. The argument is that the romantic element, since the great flowering period, has been a permanency which later poets have had to come to terms with and to integrate into their scheme of things, metaphysical and social. This integration Mr. Heath-Stubbs fails to find in some of the major figures, notably Tennyson and Browning, but discovers in the work of certain others, such as Darley and Beddoes, who admittedly fell short in actual accomplishment. Patmore, Hopkins, Doughty and Yeats may be said to be his heroes, and he does good service to some poets nowadays unduly neglected. Hawker of Morwenstow, for instance, and James Thomson.

F. B.

### Ruritania—with a Difference

Lassou in the West Indies is the Ruritania which is the scene of Mr. Hilton Brown's latest novel *Asylum Island*; and he admits that it appears on only one map, adding "and I had to mark it into that one myself." The ruler of Lassou is called Consul in compliment to the early Napoleon, and the penultimate deposed mulatto Consul has just murdered his negro successor and himself been shot by an unidentified marksman. The story tells how their sons, a handsome playboy and a simple saintly ugly-mug, fight for this peculiar crown. The mulatto has with him a lady of great charm and greater experience and the negro his Scottish tutor, a baddish hat with certain clean streaks in him; it is these seconds who direct the proceedings from behind their principals. Lassou, its scenery, folklore and people are all excellent creations, and the story, perfectly told, goes with a swing from cover to cover.

B. E. S.

### Books Reviewed Above

- The Genius of Europe.* Havelock Ellis. (Williams and Norgate, 12/6)  
*Morals Since 1900.* Gerald Heard. (Dakers, 12/6)  
*Bernard Shaw.* Eric Bentley. (Robert Hale, 12/6)  
*Roberta.* Mary Lamont. (Duckworth, 9/6)  
*A Book of Mediterranean Food.* Elizabeth David. (John Lehmann, 10/6)  
*The Darkling Plain.* John Heath-Stubbs. (Eyre and Spottiswoode, 10/6)  
*Asylum Island.* Hilton Brown. (Methuen, 10/6)

### Other Recommended Books

- Popular Fallacies.* A. S. E. Ackermann. (Old Westminster Press, 30/-). Fourth edition: 800 more fallacies, 164,000 more words than the third in 1923. Enormous, miscellaneous diverting volume classified in sections by subject, with a good detailed index. Corrects all your most cherished misconceptions and many you can hardly believe were ever cherished by anybody; though abundant references prove that they were.  
*Poisoned Relations.* Georges Simenon. (Routledge, 9/6)  
*"Monsieur Le Souris,"* in the film of which you may have seen Raimu; and the title piece, a more characteristic Simenon study of family tension. Both intensely readable.

## CONVERSATIONS IN UPPER THAMES STREET

PRESSING A SUIT

"MY cousin Emily nearly made us die last night," Irma observed during a lull in the conversation. "You know she went to work at a dry cleaners'. Well, they've got one of those press things in the window, and Emily nipped in during the dinner time and tried to do a pair of Percy's trousers. Laugh! What with keeping an eye on the shop and making faces at the people in High Street she forgot all about the trousers. Twenty minutes they were under the press, she says, and it wasn't until she couldn't see out of the window for a kind of yellow steam that kept coming out of the press that she remembered Percy's trousers. She says the crease was driven right into the fabric, and apart from the fact that Percy can never wear them again she says they look a treat."

"It isn't everyone can press a pair of trousers," George said. "When I was with a mobile laundry we had a commanding officer who had an iron. He was an extraordinary chap; I remember once when the iron had got mislaid he ironed his trousers with a red-hot pebble; made a good job of it, too, except where he put it down to answer the telephone. What was his name, now?—Captain something. All the chaps used to get him to iron their trousers; I've seen as many as twenty private soldiers sitting outside the mess in their underpants of a Friday evening. Of course, being with a mobile laundry isn't a bit like being in the Army."

"Army life is what you make it," Thorn said. "When I was a signal corporal in charge of a detachment of cycle volunteers in 1897 we used to go off for days into the wilds of Salisbury Plain and play poker. I used to send a smoke signal or a heliograph every now and then: 'Detachment engaged in mending-puncture exercise,' and we'd have no trouble. I even got a certificate of merit for mending more punctures with less sticky patches than any



*"Station Sergeant? I'm speaking from Herridges on behalf  
of Hosiery and Lingerie, Toys and Novelties  
and the Photographic Department..."*

other corporal. But we used a good many sticky patches and tons of french chalk for poker chips."

"I'm going in the Army next week," said one of the errand boys. The other errand boy put on a superior air to disguise his sense that a point had been scored against him. He began to kick the end of the counter.

"Those big presses cost a mint of money," Bella remarked. "It's a mystery to me who thinks them up. You look at all those levers and gadgets; and that big drum they

have is wonderful, with the blouses and skirts all tumbling round inside. I was brought up to a flat iron and a damp sheet and getting the spots out with brown paper—though it doesn't work with ice-cream."

"I have several acquaintances who are inventors," Thorn said. "And, indeed, I have occasionally devised little gadgets myself. I once perfected a system of moving stairs which went faster if you heard a train coming in when you were half-way down—but it was all on paper. They said the amount of elastic

involved would make the cost prohibitive, especially as there is always another train if you miss that one."

"You fancy anyone thinking of the Tubes for the first time," Bella said.

"A friend of mine," Thorn went on, "invented a self-bolting lock, so that when you went out it automatically bolted the door behind you on the inside. This meant burglars couldn't get in even if they had skeleton keys or bits of hair-pin."

"He must have made a fortune," said Irma.

"Well, no," said Thorn, "because it was gradually discovered that nobody at all could get in, least of all the chap who invented the lock. So the whole thing fell through. But there's a row of villas down in Sydenham that are empty to this day, with more and more milk bottles accumulating outside and the tenants living in hotels."

"That's the way to get a suit pressed," one of the taxi-drivers said. "I often take a man to the Savoy; books a room, he does, and sends his suit to be pressed while he sips a Perrier water. Then he comes back, tips the doorman sixpence,

and I drive him to a tenement in Soho. But the days of the real characters are over—went out with horses, mostly."

"So they might," said Irma. "All I know is, a horse would at least see anybody home. Whereas I went out last night with a fellow who had to catch the last tram from Southwark Bridge and left me to find my own way home."

The errand boy who wasn't going into the Army blushed and said under his breath "Well, who wants to walk to West Norwood!"

"Too many inexperienced young boys going about with girls who ought to know which way to look," remarked the errand boy who was going into the Army, darkly. Thorn smiled.

"When I went into the Army," he said kindly, "I left behind a very fine girl at Streatham. Her name was Edith. I asked my brother Tom to keep an eye on her, and sent them a picture postcard of Trinidad when they were married. You can't be in two places at once, and anyone will tell you it's a long walk to West Norwood. The worst thing about love is its transience—which, of course, may also be said of the last tram."

"I'd try anything once," Irma admitted, "even going out with a horse."

"I seen these two lads fighting only last week," said the man in the bicycle clips. "E made 'is nose bleed and got a thick ear."

"Both common accidents," Thorn pointed out. "I once invented a combined clamp and key which cured bleeding from the nose and at the same time reduced swelling in the ear—either ear, or both, according how you adjusted it. It was cold and heavy and made the person wearing it look at once lopsided and rakish. The thing never caught on. I used to heat the bottom of my prototype model with a blow lamp and use it for pressing my trousers. It wasn't much good for that, either," he added.

## DES YEUX DE PERVENCHE

"... called in English periwinkle, or periwinkle ... It hath pretty blewes floures"

*Sixteenth-century treatise*

MY ball within a bunker lies.  
But wait, my love, what's this I see?  
Why, you have periwinkle eyes!

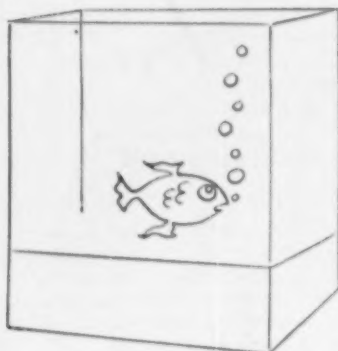
As soon as—now I realize—  
I'd set that ball upon the tee  
(The ball which in a bunker lies),

I saw them. With a wild surmise  
I swung . . . the fault lay not  
with me  
But with your periwinkle eyes.

Lives there a man so sad and wise  
(Even—O wretched mortal!—he  
Whose ball within a bunker lies)

That, having seen with such surprise,  
He would not gaze in ecstasy  
Upon your periwinkle eyes?

I care not for the Colonel's cries,  
Nor if I hole in twenty-three:  
My ball within a bunker lies,  
But you have periwinkle eyes!



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*A native of the Philippines, the Monkey-Eating Eagle is strangely unlike other Eagles. It has the beak of a Hawk and the head feathers of an Osprey. It emits an eerie, wailing cry and preys on green monkeys and domestic fowl.*



**O**N the road, as in the air, the Eagle is unchallenged. The Goodyear Eagle, mighty in strength and endurance, incomparable in appearance, is without doubt the tyre-building achievement of the age. Every technical advance of recent years is featured in this outstanding tyre. Deeper, tougher tread rubber provides impressive extra mileage. New improved All-Weather Tread

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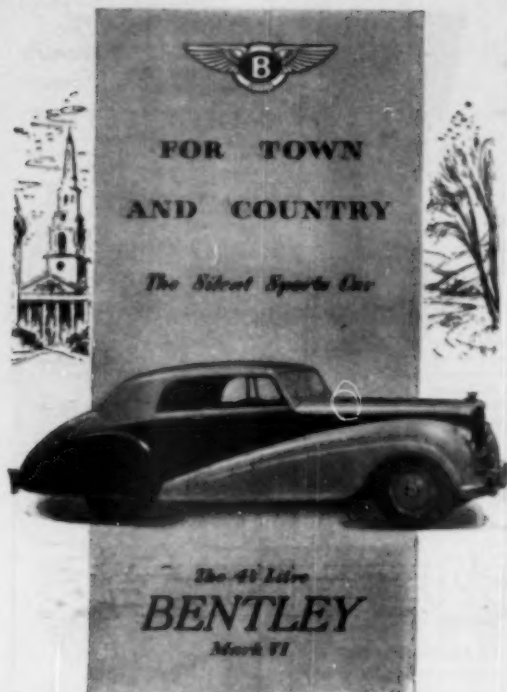
*and a 7 too!*

*The welcome bustle of leaving moorings... and the settling into the fitful routine of a passage. The brassy glare of the sun... the infinite twinkling of the rippled sea. The 'chunk, chunk' of wavelets on the hull... and the baking stillness of a run before the wind. And for perfection one thing more —*

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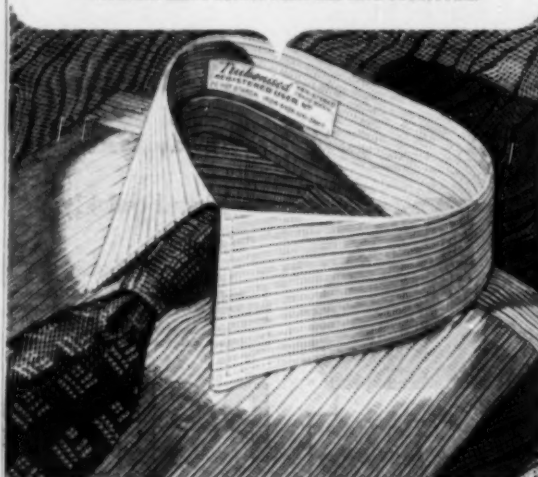
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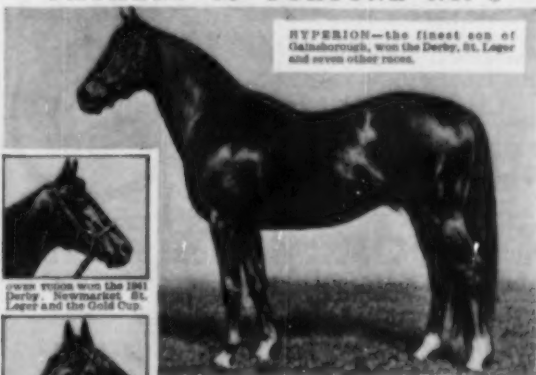
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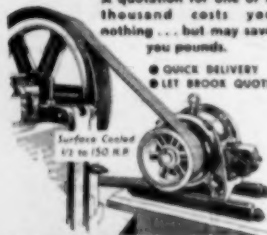
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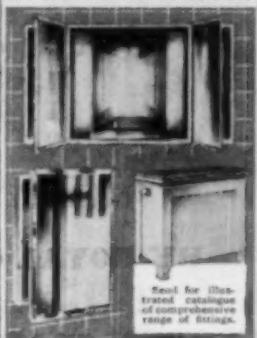
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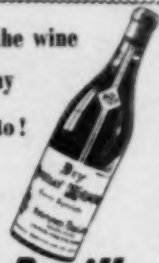
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